The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

For the Constellation.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CERTAIN LADY'S ALBUM.

Their *pens* are a thousand, their bosoms are one.
Campbell.

As herald of the ready throng,
Who soon will press with eager hand,
On every page, to weave a song
In Love's own language soft and bland;
To touch thy heart in life's gay morn,
Or soothe thee as thy sun declines,
When charms of youth no more adorn—
I usher in some humble lines.

Time shall this virgin volume grace
With mental gems;—a casket whence
Bright love may choose, to deck the face
Of Virtue and fair Innocence.
But time with his resistless waves
Will soon destroy the poet's lyre,
O'erwhelming many in their graves
Who scatter here the Muses' fire:
Yet may these fragments, rudely dash'd,
Still on his surface safely flow,
And by his constant billows wash'd,
Like pebbles but the brighter glow.

Wilt thou alone regard his name
Whose off'ring wears the richest blaze?
Shall not one humbler, seek to claim
A moiety of thy thrilling gaze?
More than his notes, he cannot bring
The herald of the pageant train,
Who gaily crowd the shining ring,
In tournament the queen to gain;
His duty o'er, he leaves the van
Returning down the glitt'ring ranks,
And pausing once each group to scan,
He marks the "ladye" waving thanks.

Enough for me, that single glance
Tells me I've nothing now to fear;
Come then, chivalric knights, advance
At *arm's-end* for a prize so dear!
She's worthy of the purest—ink
That may be shed in the affray,
Honours of war to those who sink,
But bliss for him who wins the day.

W. M. C.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

SIR HERCULES LANGREISH AND HIS ASSISTANT.—We found him in his study alone, poring over the national accounts with two claret bottles empty before him, and a third bottle on the wane; it was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the butler, according to general orders, when gentlemen came in brought a bottle of claret to each of us. 'Why,' said Parnel, 'Sir Heck, you have emptied *two bottles* already.' 'True,' said Sir Hercules. 'And had you nobody to help you?' '*O yes*, I had that bottle of *port* there, and I assure you he afforded me very great assistance!'—*Sir J. Barrington's Memoirs.*

M. CATHERINOT.—All his life he was printing a countless number of *feuilles volantes* in history and on antiquities; each consisting of about three or four leaves in quarto. I have since discovered in Niceron that this Catherinot could never get a printer, and was rather compelled to study economy in his two hundred quartos of four or eight pages; his paper was of inferior quality; and when he could not get his dissertations into his prescribed number of pages, he used to promise the end at another time, which did not always happen. But his greatest anxiety was to publish and spread his works; in despair he adopted an odd expedient. Whenever Monsieur Catherinot came to Paris, he used to haunt the *quaies* where books are sold, and while he appeared to be looking over them, he adroitly slided one of his own dissertations among these old books. He began this mode of publication early, and continued it to his last days. He died with a perfect conviction that he had secured his own immortality; and in this manner had disposed of more than one edition of his unsaleable works. Niceron has given the titles of one hundred and eighteen of his things which he had looked over. —*Curios Lit. Second Series.*

FLORENCE.—There is hardly a spot in Florence that does not exhibit some vestiges of its former power and magnificence in its goldon days; palaces and churches with their domes, and splendidly decorated chapels, its noble sculptures and paintings, still breathing of the creative spirits that gave them birth, and recalling the extinguished race of genius and valour which raised her name high among the proudest capitals of Europe. Her history no less abounds in scenes of domestic interest, of thrilling passion, deep tragedy, and humorous incident or adventure.—*Roscoe's Landscape Annual.*

THE BIRTH OF PORTRAITURE.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketched the rays that light the brook;
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh! if such magic pow'r there be,
This, this," he cried, "is all my pray'r,
To paint the living light I see,
And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His pray'r as soon as breath'd was heard,
His pallet, touched by Love, grew warm,
And painting saw her hues transferred
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.
Still, as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learned to speak,
And lilies into life were brought;
While mounting on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinth's their darkest dyes,
Upon the locks of Beauty threw;
And violets transformed to eyes,
Inshrined a soul within their blue.

Moore's "Evenings in Greece."

FEMALE EQUITATION.—It seems that Queen Anne, wife of Richard II. or our virgin Queen Elizabeth, first introduced the present fashion of the lady's seat on horseback, which had previously been similar to that of the gentlemen; and probably this last form, may yet be retained by the women on some parts of the Continent. The last that I have heard or known of it was in my very early days, whilst residing in Suffolk. Two young ladies of family, then lately from the Continent, resident not many miles from Ipswich, were in the constant habit of riding about the country, in their smart doe-skins, great coats, and flapped beaver hats.—*Lawrence on the Horse.*

PERSIAN DERVISH.—We were visited at our quarters by an exceedingly clever Dervish, from Herat, in Khorassan; who, as well as Ismael, had been at Bokhara, the chief city of the Turcomans. He was young and handsome, but most fantastically dressed; he was a perfect master of the Persian poets, entire odes from whose works he repeated by heart, with a facility that surprised me, and charmed Ismael, to whom they were all familiar, absolutely into tears. The politeness of our new friend was of the most polished cast, and could have been acquired only in the best society.

This man, who spoke sufficiently of Arabic for us to converse without the medium of translation, dressed as he was in rags, with bare breast and arms, uncovered by even the fragment of a shirt, with naked legs, and half-naked thighs, a beard and moustachios never trimmed, thick locks of hair hanging uncombed over his neck and forehead, a fancy-coloured painted cap on his head, a large, heavy, and rusty chain of iron, with brass rings, wound round his arms, and a huge ram's horn slung across his shoulders by a thong, talked of Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle, whose Systems of Ethics he had read in Arabic, with a freedom and accuracy that proved him to be better acquainted with the philosophy of these sages, than many who had read them in their original languages.—*Buckingham Travels.*

SPANISH WOMEN.—The Spanish women are very interesting. What we associate with the idea of female beauty, is not perhaps very common in this country. There are seldom those seraphic countenances, which strike you dumb, or blind, but faces in abundance which will never pass without commanding admiration. Each incident, every person, every word, touches the fancy of a Spanish lady, and her expressive features are consequently confuting the creed of the Moslemin. But there is nothing quick, harsh, or forced about her. She is extremely unaffected, and not at all French. Her eyes gleam, rather than sparkle, she speaks with vivacity, but in sweet tones, and there is in all her carriage particularly when she walks, a certain dignified grace which never deserts her, and which is very remarkable.—*Contarini Fleming.*

JERUSALEM.—A pilgrim who comes to this city must set no bounds to his faith, as he is shewn the place where the head of Adam was found, the rock on which the martyr Stephen was stoned, and the place of the withered fig-tree; with the milk of the Virgin Mary, and some of the tears that St. Peter wept on his bitter repentance. Beneath a large spreading tree down the valley, where the soil is rather elevated, is the place where the prophet Isaiah was sawed asunder.—Among the pilgrims was a Servian and his wife, who had come a great distance from their own country to visit the Sepulchre. This poor man was so enraptured at what he saw, that he gave forty pounds, great part, no doubt, of his property, as a present to the convent. An Armenian, a man of property, died about this time in the convent: the monks, as is the custom, took possession of all he had with him, and turned his poor servant out, without even paying him the wages due from his master.—*Letters from the East in N. Month. Mag.*

THE LAWYER AND THE WILL.

Mr. C. was a lawyer in the north of Scotland, possessed of talent, of the strictest integrity, rose to great influence not in one but two counties, acquired landed property, was a judicious improver, and must have left behind him very considerable wealth. On one occasion he was sent for by an old gentleman to make his will, who by early industry and rigid economy, or rather prudence, had accumulated a very handsome fortune. This old gentleman had a brother in London, whom every body supposed would be his heir, but his relative's temper was very peculiar, and his resolves when once formed, as irreversible as fate itself. A misunderstanding or quarrel had arisen, and the testator, to use a common phrase, had secretly determined to 'cut his brother off with a shilling.' The man of business on learning this intention looked the very picture of amazement, and was of course still more confounded and surprised when directed to put himself down as heir. This injunction he declined to obey; talked of the London brother's family; of the suspicions that would attach to his own character, and the scandalous rumours that would be circulated against him; and, in short, made a liberal use of every dissuasive which an honest mind could dictate, or language convey. But it was all to no purpose; the testator pleaded in favour of his agent, while, *mirabile dictu*, the agent pleaded against himself, and, among other things, was reminded by his employer that he was the only man he had met with during all his experience, who rejected rather than courted the smiles of fortune, and considered a very handsome estate unworthy of acceptance, where the purchase money was less than a pepper-corn rent. All this he bore calmly, and it was only towards the conclusion of the controversy when asked whether he had not a nephew, a cousin, or a boy in the office, who might have no objection to 'a lump of land,' that he consented to substitute his own name, on finding the other so wilful and capricious. This point conceded, the deed was drawn, signed and executed, and handed over to the writer as custodier, as well as for the purpose of registration. But with him it did not remain long. Having some acquaintance with a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood, he repaired to his seat, told what had happened, begged he would take a note of the circumstance, and retain the will in his own possession, lest, in an evil moment, he should be tempted to deviate from the path of duty. The old gentleman only survived a few months, and his brother, so soon as the circumstance was revealed to him, paid an early or immediate visit to the north of Scotland. He was received by the agent who accompanied him to the seat of his noble friend, and without divulging the secret farther, or making any merit of his own generosity, requested production of the deed of settlement that it might be read and shown to the heir-at-law. All this was done, and it was only when the stranger remarked, amidst the bitterness of his disappointment, that it was hardly worth while to bring him so far on so unpleasant an errand, that Mr. C. placed the will in his hands, explained his feelings so far, and with the greatest coolness volunteered reconveyance. This was a sudden transition with a vengeance, from disappointment to hope, from competence to affluence, and it need hardly be added that the brother in the first instance looked unutterable things, scarcely believing the evidence of his senses, and required something very like entreaty before he could be induced to study his own interest by allowing others to make an *auto da fe* of the caprices and prejudices of a defunct relation. An understanding ensued of the most gratifying nature; all parties were pleased; and the lawyer, in the long-run, received a present amounting to several thousand pounds, in token of his disinterested and deserving conduct. The story, moreover, soon 'got wind.' His character rose to a high premium,—business waxed every day, and inspired, right hand and left, such a degree of confidence, that he became the legal leader of two counties. And here ends our anecdote, unless we choose to add, that, in repeating it to a blunt visitor, the man exclaimed, on the spur of the moment—'Lawyers o' that kind are thin sawn.' —*Dumfries Courier.*

FONT-HILL ABBEY.

The mighty master wav'd his wand, and lo!
On the astonished eye the glorious show
Bursts, like a vision! Spirit of the place,
Has the Arabian wizard with his mace
Smitten the barren downs far onward spread,
And bade th' enchanted palace tower instead?
Bade the dark woods their solemn shades extend?
High to the clouds yon spiry tow'r ascend?
And starting from th' umbrageous avenue,
Spread the rich pile magnificent to view?
Enter—from this arch'd portal, look again,
Back, on the lessening woods and distant plain.
Ascend the steps—the high and fretted roof
Is woven by some elfin hand aloof,
Whilst, from the painted windows' long array,
A mellow'd light is shed, as not of day.
How gorgeous all! Oh, never may the spell
Be broken, that array'd those radiant forms so well!

Rev. W. L. Bowles.

AN OBSERVER.—'It's very strange,' said the coachman, looking at me over his left shoulder, 'I never see it afore. But I've made three observations thro' life.' Now an experienced picker-up in a progress of some three hundred thousand miles is not to be slighted, so I leaned with my best ear over the coachman's shoulder in order to catch every syllable. 'I have sat on the box, man and boy,' said Bat, looking straight a-head between his leaders, 'a matter of full thirty year, and what's more, never missing a day—barring the Friday I was married, and one of my remarks is, I never see a sailor in top-boots.'—'Now I think of it, Bat,' said I, a little disconcerted at my windfall from the tree of knowledge, 'I have had some experience in travelling myself, and certainly do not remember such a phenomenon.' 'I'll take my oath you haven't,' said Bat, giving the leader a little twitch of self-satisfaction, 'I once driv the Phenomenon myself. There's no such thing in nature. And I'll tell you another remarkable remark I've made through life—I never yet see a Jew pedlar with a Newfoundland dog.' 'As for that, Bat,' said I, perhaps willing to retort upon him a little of my own disappointment, 'though I cannot call such a sight to mind, I will not undertake to say I have never met with such an association.' 'Mayhap,' said Bat, 'you've seen the other thing I've observed thro' life, and that's this—I've never observed a black man driving a long stage.' 'Never, Bat, never in the whole course of my stage practice.' 'And no one else has ever seen it,' said Bat.—*Hood's Comic Annual.*

GLASS BLOWING.—The Paris Academy of Science has, it is said, awarded a premium of 8,000 francs for the invention of a machine for blowing glass, to be substituted for the action of the human lungs. This will preserve the lives of glass blowers, who usually die young, of consumption; and it is said that accuracy of form and great increase of dimensions, at pleasure, of the vessels manufactured, are among the advantages of the new method.

CUPID AND PALLAS.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
Her flute within an olive bower.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath given
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd, that even
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour—whate'er her learning—
A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms ecstatic,
Wishing it dumb—nor cared how soon—
For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
To Love seem always out of tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,
The nymph found breath to shake and trill;
As, weak or wise—it doth not matter—
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love chang'd his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
'How rosy was her lips' soft dye!'
And saw in that flute, the sly rogue! blaming,
For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down—beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
At distance long 'twas heard repeating,
'Woman, alas, vain woman still!'" *Moore.*

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HEBRIDES.

In a northwest direction, and about forty miles distant from the Butt of the Lewis, "placed far amid the melancholy main," is Sulisker—a small island, or rather rock, in the Atlantic, to which an immense number of seals is in the habit of repairing at a certain period of the year. This period is in the month of September or October, when a boat generally goes thither every year from Ness, for the purpose of killing seals, and bringing home with them the skins and oil for sale. Ness, it may be mentioned, is the northernmost and consequently the remotest district in the Lewis. It is inhabited by a singular and primitive race, of undoubted Scandinavian origin, totally dissimilar from those who inhabit the other portions of the island, and exhibiting in this, as in other enterprises equally daring, a hardiness and moral courage, added to a caution and perseverance, rarely to be found amongst any people. About nine weeks ago, a boat left Ness, on her usual trip to Sulisker. She contained seven persons, some of them far advanced in years, having their grandchildren along with them in the boat! The weather became very boisterous shortly after this weak but adventurous band left their homes and pushed to sea. This gave some cause of uneasiness at the time, which, however, did not increase till the usual period of returning had considerably elapsed without the appearance of the Sulisker expedition; when great and renewed anxiety was entertained by their friends on their account. This feeling soon became general; and so great an interest was felt in their safety, that although the weather was still stormy, a vessel was immediately despatched by her humane owners, to rescue them, if possible, from the island, if, as was supposed, their detention was occasioned by the loss of the boat, from the violence of the waves, after having reached their destination. On arriving at Sulisker, the boat was found by the vessel in question in fragments among the rocks, so far verifying the conjecture previously formed; but the men were not there. A signal, however, was found flying from an oar which was standing on the rock. A pot containing some wild-fowl, which had been in the process of cooking, was also found hanging over the dead embers in the fire-place of a hut which had been erected. Various other indications of precipitate departure as well as of recent occupancy were seen, all of them inducing the belief that the boatmen had landed in safety, and were rescued from their lone and horrible situation by some ship, to which they had made the signal alluded to; consequently, on the vessel's return to Stornoway, the fears of the community were greatly allayed. Weeks—long and anxious weeks, however, passed on, affording plenty of time for intelligence, if they had been landed on any part of the kingdom; but still there was no word from these poor Ness adventurers, till lately, when a vessel arrived at Stornoway, mentioning that she had spoken with another vessel at sea, the captain of which stated that he had a few days previous picked off a rock in the Atlantic, seven men who were of a strange outlandish appearance—could speak no English, merely clapping him on the shoulder by way of testifying their thanks for his services—and of whom he could, consequently, give no other account than that they seemed greatly distressed, and were landed by him, at their own request, on a neighbouring island which was inhabited. The people thus spoken of were at once conjectured to be the missing Nessmen, and the island to be Rona, which is another hyperborean solitude adjacent to Sulisker, than which it is something larger, and is inhabited by only one family, natives of Ness. In consequence of the information alluded to, Captain Oliver, of the Prince of Wales, revenue cruizer, handsomely volunteered to proceed to Rona, to ascertain if the people were there, and if so, to take them off. He left Stornoway on the 20th ultimo, and reached that solitary spot on the morning of the following Saturday, when he hoisted his colours and fired a gun, which roused the people on shore, who came running along the island from their hut, and among them were recognised the unlucky seal-catchers. The sea at the time ran mountains high, fringing the unsheltered Rona with its foam, whose misty spray flew wildly upwards, almost shrouding it from the cutter's sight The island, which, from its rocky iron-bound formation, is scarcely at any time accessible, could now only be approached in one place, where at the greatest risk and by means of ropes, on which they came swinging down a rock of immense height, the people were received into the cutter's boat. Captain Oliver arrived on Monday, bringing the exiles of Sulisker and Rona to their rejoicing friends. They state that they were a fortnight at Sulisker before they were taken off, and placed on the other island. The boat was stove the night they reached. They got nothing on the island save a few wild fowl which they had salted for their winter provision—a melancholy prospect! They saw several vessels to which they in vain made signals for relief, and were looking hourly for death from hunger and cold, when they were rescued by a vessel, which, from the description given of her, must have been from Greenland or the Straits, and manned, as chance would have it, by brother adventurers.—*Inver. Cour.*

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

Nearly two years had now elapsed since she had become the happy wife of Mr. Hamilton; and he had for nearly two years enjoyed the society of the lovely and devoted woman for whom his affection daily increased, as her valuable qualities continually opened upon him. She was adored by all around. The poor showered blessings upon her name whenever it was mentioned—their richer neighbours had nothing but acts and words of kindness to record of her. Her eldest brother took every opportunity that his avocations allowed him, to run down to Belhanger. Her father, when with Mr. Hamilton, seemed to lose his captiousness; for there is a magic in very high breeding which renders any ebullition of temper almost impracticable. Matilda, who was become a fine showy girl, often passed some time with her sister Ellen, and had profited much by her example and advice.

Mr. and Mrs. Allenham were at this moment in the house; Lord and Lady Coverdale, and their daughter, had just arrived, and some other persons, political friends of Mr. Hamilton's.

Lady Coverdale had been telling Ellen she thought her the most fortunate woman in the world; she had been speaking of Mr. Hamilton, whom she had known from his infancy, in terms which even Ellen thought worthy of the theme, and had been saying how happy she should esteem herself if she could ever see her daughter blessed with such a husband, and possessed of such a home. Algernon's friends had been gaily complimenting him upon his good taste and his good fortune, and declaring they had sufficient discrimination to appreciate such a woman, if they could only have the good fortune to meet with any one at all resembling Mrs. Hamilton; when one morning at breakfast, Ellen received a letter from her brother, enclosing one directed to her as Mrs. Cresford, and addressed to the house in London which she had formerly inhabited.

The post-mark was foreign; and there was something in a letter addressed to her by that name, which struck her as being so strange, that she did not open it, but folding it again in her brother's envelope, she waited till she could retire to peruse its contents. She continued to perform her part of hostess at the breakfast table, and told herself it must be a begging letter, from some one, perhaps, who had known Mr. Cresford at Verdun.

Still the letter haunted her, and she could scarcely smile at the gay jests which passed round the breakfast table, or listen to the news and gossip contained in the correspondence of the other members of the society. The outside was so covered with post-marks, and various directions, that she had not remarked in what sort of hand the name was written; and she quietly took it out of the envelope, just to see if it did look like a begging letter. Her former name always made her shudder, she could not tell why; and she had often reproached herself for the feeling, as an unkind and ungrateful one towards the memory of him who was gone. It was that strange instinct which had made her so quickly put this letter aside, and it was with an unaccountable trepidation that she again drew it forth to examine the handwriting. She looked and looked again, till her eyes swam. It was very like the writing which was only too familiar to her. It was,—it must be his writing,—she could not be mistaken; only it was impossible,—quite impossible. Yet it might contain his last behests, which had, from some cause, never been delivered before. She could not open it. She hastily concealed it, and turning deadly pale, she sat, scarcely conscious of what passed around her till the last person had been helped to his last cup of tea.

She longed to know the contents, but there came a sickness over heart which made her postpone the dreaded moment At length the company rose one by one, and straggled towards the windows. She summoned all her might, and walked steadily to the door: she sought her own boudoir, and seating herself upon the sofa, she again unfolded the envelope, she again gazed on the outside—she had not yet courage to break the seal.

There was something dreadful in thus receiving the dying injunctions of one husband, one who had loved her, too, so passionately—in reading the ebullitions of his vehement affection, when she was the adoring wife of another. She felt as though he were about to speak to her from the grave.

She looked at the post-marks. They were upon it, in various coloured inks, Gratz, Vienna, Dresden, Madgeburg, Hamburg. No Verdun post-mark! How strange! Wonder, terror, conquered all other feelings—she tore open the seal—it was indeed his own handwriting!—the date, Gratz, June, 1808. What could it mean? She looked at the end—it was his own, very own name!—it was addressed to her! It began, "My beloved wife, my own Ellen!" She could read no more; the letter dropped from her hand, and she fainted on the floor.

She was in this state, when Mr. Hamilton, alarmed by her paleness at breakfast, sought her in her boudoir. He raised her from the ground, and calling her maid, soon succeeded in restoring her to herself. To herself! No! She could never again be what she had been!

She gazed around with wild and haggard eyes; then motioning the maid to leave the room, and watching with agonized fear till the double doors were both closed, she screamed rather than said, 'He is alive! he is alive! I am not your wife, Algernon! I am not yours!' and she threw herself into his arms, she clung to him, she clasped her arms around his neck, with desperate energy, as if she thought thus to rivet the tie she felt was severed.

'Ellen! dearest Ellen! my own gentle Ellen, are you raving? You must be ill! What is the matter? You really frighten me!' he added, attempting to smile.

'Look there, Algernon! there it lies! I have only read the first line, and would to Heaven I had died! Oh! if I could but die now, with my head on your bosom,—your arms around me,—my eyes fixed on your's! Dearest, dearest Algernon! I love you better than any thing else in the whole world—better, ten thousand times better than myself! Words cannot express the thousandth part of the agonizing love I feel for you! and it is all a crime! Look there! read that!' and she pressed her hands against her eyeballs, as if to exclude light and consciousness.

This burst of passion was so unlike his retiring Ellen, whose affection, though evinced by every action of her life, implied by all she said, had still seemed frightened back into her heart, if in any moment of tenderness she was called upon to couch it into actual language, that Mr. Hamilton was lost in astonishment! In dread and wonder he took the letter in his hand—he saw the beginning—he looked at the date—he staggered to a chair, and exclaiming, 'Merciful Heaven!' he too remained stupified, unable to utter, and scarcely to think, or to comprehend the extent of the misfortune which had befallen them.

At length reason in some measure resumed its sway, and he suggested, 'May it not be a forgery? Are you sure it is his hand?' A momentary light flashed athwart her mind; she seized the paper, and they sat down together to the perusal of that letter on which their fates so completely hung!

It was with difficulty that Algernon and Ellen could fix their eyes upon the paper; every thing swam before them. They read in silence the following letter—with what feelings may be better imagined than described.

"*My beloved wife, my own Ellen*—You must have been astonished at not hearing from me the result of the desperate attempt to escape from Verdun, of which I informed you. It succeeded—so far, at least, as getting safe out of that horrible dungeon, disguised as one of the mourners at my own funeral, according to the plan I hinted at in my letter by Maitland, and which he promised to describe to you more fully when he reached England. I made my way across the Rhine into Germany; but I found the examinations so very strict, and the officers at the custom-houses so exceedingly suspicious, that I fancied I should be safer if I advanced farther into Germany, and tried to work my way to Hamburg.

I was, however, almost immediately seized as a spy. My ignorance of the language was supposed to be a feint; and I was passed on, from authority to authority, from governor to governor, till I believe they began to think me a person of great importance.

I was at length cast into a prison at this place, and here I have now languished more than four years

I did not venture to write to you while wandering in France. All letters being opened, they might have led to my being traced and identified; and the moment I was in the power of the Germans, I was not allowed the use of pen and paper, lest there might be some hidden meaning in any thing I might despatch to England.

I have now endured four years of mental anguish, such as man has seldom survived. There hangs a mist over some of the horrible years spent in this abode of misery. The wretches who drove me to desperation, treated me as a madman for resenting their cruelty, and I found myself at one time pinioned in a straight waistcoat!

Was it not enough to madden a cooler head than mine, to gall a calmer heart than mine, to be thus severed from the creature one adores, and to know one's lovely wife, left lonely and unprotected, in the bloom of youth, amid all the temptations of this corrupt world? Oh, Ellen! I shall go mad if I think of that! But you are virtuous, Ellen! Yes, yes—If there is virtue in woman, it is in you. And yet—Five long years of absence! Oh! you will have forgotten me! You cannot have loved me, and me alone, in all these years! Oh, God! if you should have loved another! My brain goes round! Be faithful to me, Ellen, as you value my reason, and your own welfare here and hereafter!

But I am altered, fearfully altered. I am grown grey; I am twenty years older than when we parted. But I love you, Ellen; I love you with more ardour, more burning, maddening fervour, than when first I bore you in your maiden bloom from the home of your childhood.

Write to me, my love, my wife, my own, own blessed wife! Your letter will reach me in safety if you enclose it to the new governor, who is a kind-hearted man, and has given me permission to bid you do so. He pities me. He will stand my friend He promises to forward a petition which I am now drawing up, direct to the Emperor, and a ray of hope has dawned upon me. I may yet return to you, my Ellen, and to my children.

In life, in death, your adoring husband,
CHARLES CRESFORD."

Ellen and Algernon spoke not—moved not.—They sat transfixed—they did not venture to raise their eyes to each other. Neither could entertain any doubt of the authenticity of the letter. It would be folly, worse than folly, to utter what neither could believe. They who had been all the world to each other—they whose love had been so pure that angels might have looked down from heaven and smiled upon it—what were they now? They dared not think.

At length, Ellen murmured, in a low and almost choked voice, 'Is he my husband, Algernon? Does the law say he is my husband?'

'Ellen, do not make me speak my own doom.'

'It is enough,' she said, 'and my child——Oh! merciful Heaven!' she screamed, 'it cannot be true;' and she started from her seat with a wild look of hope. 'It is a dream! Tell me so, Algernon, my own Algernon, my husband, tell me so. Speak to me!' and she threw herself on her knees at his feet, with clasped hands, and beseeching eyes looking up in his face.

He lifted her from the ground, and whispered—'We can fly, Ellen. There are other lands than this. There are countries where we may be beyond the reach of British laws, where we may have the clear blue sky of heaven above us, where Nature pours forth her treasures to man with a bounteous hand; where we may live in freedom from the trammels of human institutions, but bound by the most sacred ties—our own vows of eternal constancy, which surely have been registered above.'

'Live with you as your mistress! No, never, Algernon!' and she drew up her slender form to its full height, and stood the very personification of female purity and dignity. 'Never, Algernon! Any thing would be more tolerable than to have you cease to respect me.'

She seemed to have regained her self-command. An almost supernatural strength for a moment inspired her.

'Now what is to be done? What is it our duty to do? But oh! the shame, the dreadful shame, of being exposed to the world as having lived two years in sin.'

At this moment the voices of the children were heard in the passage; they flung open the door, and came bounding joyously into the room with the wild flowers they had gathered in their walk. The sight of them softened and overcame the mother: she burst into a flood of tears.

'They are his children,' she exclaimed, 'and he will take them from me—I know he will. Whichever way I turn, fresh horrors surround me!'

The poor little things, astonished at their reception, stood aghast. Mr. Hamilton hastily bade them leave their mother, told them she was not well, and hurried them out of the room.

'Ellen, dearest Ellen,' he said, and approached her. He took her hand, when she started away.

'You must not touch me, Algernon—it is a crime. You say yourself I am his wife, and he is coming home. Algernon,' she said, in a clear, low, sepulchral voice, speaking very slowly, 'I cannot be forced to live with him again. No law can compel me to do that. Tell me the law—let me know the truth!'

'I cannot say exactly; we will inquire. Compose yourself: let us do nothing rashly. Perhaps he may never return, perhaps he may not live to return; we do not know.'

'But I am not your wife?'

'This letter may still be a forgery.'

'No, no, it is too true! and I am not your wife,' she repeated, with the accent of utter hopelessness.

He stood in silence; he could not say she was. He endured agony equal to her's, except that he did not feel the guilt and the remorse which were added to all her other sufferings. They remained silent till she could endure it no longer. 'Algernon, no law can be so cruel as to separate us: it is impossible. After all, we were lawfully married in a church: no one forbade the banns,—no one answered the awful adjuration, 'Let him now speak, or ever after hold his peace.' Yes, we must be lawfully married. We are, are we not? Say so, my own Algernon, my husband?' and she wound herself round him, and looked up in his face with all the winning tenderness she could put into those melting eyes. 'I am your wife, your wedded wife, am I not, dearest?' and she tried to smile—a sweet, sad, heart-rending smile.

This was too much for poor Hamilton. He took her in his arms, he pressed her to his bosom. 'You are my own Ellen, my life, my love, the joy of my heart; without you life would be intolerable.'

'I am your wife, dearest; say so,—in pity say so!'

'Yes, yes, you are! In spite of ordinances, human and divine, you are—you shall be my wife!'

'No,' she said, slowly shaking her head; 'no! if you speak so, then I am not your wife!'

She gradually relaxed her hold, her arms dropped by her side, and she sank into a chair.

He looked on her for a few moments with a fixed gaze of despair; then striking his forehead, he rushed out of the room, darted down the stairs, out of the house, and plunged into the most retired part of the park, where he wildly paced the ground, beating his bosom, and almost dashing his head against the trees.

When Ellen saw him hurry from her presence, she gave one shriek.

'He is gone,' she cried; 'gone—I have lost him for ever!' *Recollections of a Chaperon.*

THE INTERIOR OF THE MORGUE.

"M. Perrin is a little old man, who coughs incessantly. When I explained to him the object of my visit, he very politely offered to show me all the details of his administration, regretting much, as he said, that there was not so much variety as could be desired. 'But I will show you what I have—be pleased to walk up.'

'As we were climbing the narrow stairs, and he was informing me that his establishment was connected both with the prefecture and the police, with the one on account of the local expenses, with the other from its connection with the public health, we were obliged to stand close against the wall to allow a troop of young girls to pass, well dressed, gay, but shivering with the cold, which blew from the river through the chink which lighted the stair.

'These are four of my daughters. I have eight children. François, the keeper, has had four, and he has had the good fortune to get them all married. François is a kind father.'

'So,' said I, 'twelve children then have been born in the Morgue. Dreams of joy, and conjugal endearments, and parental delights, have been experienced in this chamber of death. Marriage with its orange flowers, baptism with its black robed sponsors, the communion and the embroidered veil, love, religion, virtue, have had their home here as elsewhere. God has sown the seeds of happiness every where.'

'Papa, we are going to a distribution of prizes. My sisters are sure to get a prize. Don't weary, we will be back in good time.'

'Go, my children,'—and all four embraced him.

'I thought of the body of the little Norman in the dreary room beneath, and of the mother who even now, perhaps, was anxiously looking for her from the window.

'This is the apartment of François.' François did the honours with the activity of a man who is not ashamed of his establishment. His room is comfortably furnished; two modern pendules mounted on bronze, a wardrobe with a Medusa's head, a high bed, and a handsome rose-coloured curtain. If the room was not overburdened with furniture, if there was not much of luxury, yet, to those not early accustomed to superfluities, it might even seem gay. It represented the tastes, opinions, and habits of its master. Vases of flowers threw a green reflection on the curtains, for François is fond of flowers. Among his gallery of portraits were those of Augereau and Kleber, both in long coats, leaning on immense sabres, with peruques and powder. Napoleon is there three times.

'Look at these jars,' said François, 'these are sweetmeats of my wife's making; she excels in sweetmeats.' I read upon them, 'gooseberries of 1831.' We left François's apartment, which forms the right wing of the Morgue, while the clerk's house is on the left, and entered the cabinet of administration of M. Perrin.

If François is fond of flowers, M. Perrin has the same penchant for hydraulics and the camera obscura; he draws, he makes jets from the Seine, by an ingenious piece of machinery of his own invention; while he was re-touching his syphon, I asked permission to turn over the register, where suicides are ranged in two columns.

The fatal 'unknown' was the prevailing designation. 'Brought here at three in the morning, skull fractured, *unknown*;'—'brought at twelve at night, drowned under the Pont des Arts, cards in his pocket, *unknown*;'—'young woman, pregnant, crushed by a facre at the corner of the Rue Mandar, *unknown*;'—'new born child found dead of cold, at the gate of an hotel, *unknown*.'

I said to M. Perrin that he must weary here very much occasionally during the long nights of winter.

'No,' replied he, good humouredly; 'the children sing, we all work, François and I play at draughts or piquet; the worst of it is, we are sometimes interrupted; a knock comes, we must go down, get a stone ready, undress the new comer and register him: that spoils the game—we forget to mark the points.

'And this is the way you generally spend your evenings?'

'Always, except when François has to go to Vaugirard at four o'clock; then he must go to bed earlier. Perhaps you do not know that our burying ground is at Vaugirard: as that burying-ground is not much in fashion, we have been allowed to retain our privilege of having a fosse to ourselves.'

'I understand—it is a fief of the Morgue.'

'You saw that chariot below near the entrance gate, in which the children were hiding themselves at play,—that is our hearse.'

'And rich or poor, all must make use of your conveyance? If, for instance, a suicide is recognized, his relations or friends may reclaim him, take him home, and bestow the rights of sepulture on him at his own house?'

'No—the Morgue does not give back what has been once deposited here. It allows the funeral ceremonies to be as pompous as they will, but they must all set out from hence: one end of the procession perhaps is at Notre Dame, while the other is starting from the Morgue. The Archbishop of Paris may be there—but François' place is fixed. It is the first.'

'And the priests of Notre Dame, do they never make any difficulty about administering the funeral rites to your dead?'

'Never!'

'Not even to the suicides?'

'There are no suicides for Notre Dame; one is drowned by accident, another killed by the bursting of a gun, a third has fallen from a scaffold. I invent the excuse, and the conscience of the priest accepts it. That's enough.'

So, thought I, Notre Dame, which formerly witnessed the execution at the stake of sorcerers, alchymists, and gipsies, on the Grande Place, has now no word of reprobation for the carcase of the suicide, once allowed to rot on the ground, or be devoured by birds. She asks not here what was his faith. The priest says, mildly, 'Peace be with you.'

We walked down, and François opened the first room—that which contains the dresses: habits of all shapes, all dimensions, hideously jumbled together; gaiters pinned to a sleeve; a shawl shading the neck of a coat; dresses of peasants, workmen, carters, and brewers' frocks, women's gowns, all faded, discoloured, shapeless, flap against each other in the current of air which entered through the windows. There is something here appalling in the sight and sound of these objects, soulless, bodyless, yet moving as if they had life, and presenting the form without the flesh. Your eye rests on a handkerchief, the property of some poor labourer, suddenly seized with the idea of suicide, after some day that he has wanted work.

François, who followed the direction of my eyes to see what impression the picture produced on me, sighed heavily.

'Does it move you, too?' said I. 'Are you discontented with your lot?—unhappy?'

'Not exactly. But, Sir, formerly, you must know, the dresses, after being six months exhibited, became a perquisite of ours; we sold them. Now they talk of taking the dresses from us.'

I re assured François as to the intention of government, and assured him there was no talk of taking away the dresses.

The second room, that which adjoins the public exhibition room, is appropriated for the dissection of those, the mode of whose death appears to the police to be suspicious. Its only furniture is a marble table, on which the dissections take place, and a shelf on which are placed several bottles of chlorate. This room is immediately above the room of M. Perrin. The dissecting table above just answers to the girls' piano below.

In this room (which I crossed rapidly, to avoid as much as possible the sight of a body extended on the plank) I saw the little girl who had been stifled the night before in the dilligence. She was a lovely child. The other body was frightfully disfigured; scarcely even would his mother have recognized him.

There remained only the public room: it is narrow, ill aired. Ten or twelve black and sloping stones receive the suicides, who are placed on it almost in a state of nudity: the places are seldom all occupied, except perhaps during a revolution;—then it is that the Morgue is recruited. Two more days of glory and immortality in July, and the plague had been in Paris.

'It is true,' said M. Perrin, 'we worked hard during the three days, and we were allowed the use of two assistants. Corpses everywhere, within, without, at the gate, on the bank.' * * *

'And your girls?'

'During these days they did not leave their apartment, nor looked out to the street, nor to the river; besides, you are mistaken if you think the spectacle would have terrified them. Brought up here, they will walk at night without a light in front of the glass which divides the corpses from the public, without trembling. We become accustomed to any thing.'

Methought I heard the poor children, so familiar with the idea of death, so accustomed to this domestic spectacle of their existence, asking innocently of the strangers whom they visited—as one would ask where is your garden, your kitchen, or your cabinet—'where do *you* keep your dead here?'

These are all the facts I could gather with regard to the establishment. I was opening the glass door to breathe the fresh air again, when the entrance of the crowd drove me back into the interior; they were following a bier, on which lay a body, from which the water dripped in a long stream. From one of the hands which were closely clenched, the keeper detached a strip of coloured linen, and a fragment of lace. 'Ah!' said he, 'let me look!—'tis she!'

'Who is it?'

'The nurse who was here this morning; the nurse of the little Norman girl. Good!—they may be buried together'—and M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his register, and wrote in his best current-hand—*unknown!*"

Book of the Hundred and One.

AN ARCTIC WINTER.

Captain Meares gives the annexed brief, but striking account of a winter spent by himself and his shipmates at Prince William's Sound. This harbour lies in North latitude 61, and between 148 and 149 West longitude. It will be seen that we have used the term Arctic generically, rather than specifically, in our title.

"Thence they proceeded to Prince William's Sound to winter; and their residence here during October, November, and December, though dreary and tedious, was not without its comforts. The natives were friendly, and brought them provisions; they caught plenty of excellent salmon, and the large flocks of ducks and geese afforded constant sport to the officers, and a seasonable supply for the table. But the horrors of an arctic winter began soon to gather round them. The ice closed in upon the ship; the snow fell so thick that all exercise became impossible; the ducks and geese collected into flocks, and passed away to the southward; the fish totally deserted the creeks; and the natives, a migratory race, imitating the instinct of these lower species, travelled off in a body with their temporary wigwams to a more genial district. To add to these distresses the scurvy made its appearance; while the sun described weekly a smaller circle, and shed a sickly and melancholy light. Even at noon, through an atmosphere obscured by perpetual snows, 'tremendous mountains forbade almost a sight of the sky, and cast their nocturnal shadows over the ship in the midst of day.' The decks were incapable of resisting the intense freezing of the night, and the lower part of them was covered an inch thick with a hoar frost that had all the appearance of snow, notwithstanding fires were kept constantly burning twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Between the months of January and May, twenty-three men died of the scurvy, and the rest of the crew were so disabled as to be incapable of any labour; but the sun's return and the commencement of more genial weather produced an instantaneous effect on the health and spirits of the crew. The natives returned, and assured the poor sufferers that the cold must soon be gone, making them understand by signs that the summer would commence about the middle of May; and the sun, which now began to make a larger circle over the hills, not only chased away the huge and gloomy shadows that, like a funeral-pall, had covered the ship, but brought back the fish to the rivers, and the migratory birds to the shore; so that they soon enjoyed an ample supply of fresh food. On the 17th of May, a general breaking up of the ice took place throughout the cove, and the feeling that they were once more in clear water, with the prospect of soon leaving a scene of so much distress and horror, cheered the minds of the crew with inexpressible comfort. These happy anticipations were soon realized by their sailing from Prince of Wales' Sound on 21st June, and reaching the hospitable cluster of the Sandwich Isles, where such was the effect of the genial climate, that in ten days' residence every complaint had disappeared. On the 2d of September they left the Sandwich Islands, and arrived on the 20th October at Macao in China."

-Discov. N. Coast America.

ROYAL COSTUME.

A ludicrous account of the personal decorations of a Chief of the North West Coast, named Comekala, is given by Capt. Meares, who thus speaks of the Indian King:

"He was kind and honest when it suited his own interest; but stole without scruple whatever he wished to have and could not procure by fairer means. Brass and copper were metals which he might almost be said to worship. Copper halfpence, buttons, saucepans,—all possessed in his eyes the highest charms. It was evident that he coveted the brass buttons of the captain's uniform; and his mode of fixing his eyes on the object of his desire, and the pangs of ungratified avarice, as exhibited in the contortions of his countenance, proved matter of much amusement to the crew. The cause of his insatiable thrist for copper became afterward apparent.

In the mean time Captain Meares found it necessary to separate from his consort, whose slow sailing threatened to impede his progress; and after a long and hazardous passage, the ship anchored in Friendly Cove in King George's Sound, abreast of the village of Nootka, on the morning of the 13th of May. Comekala, who for several days had been in a state of high excitation, now enjoyed the genuine delight of once more beholding his native shore; and when his intention of landing was made known, the whole inhabitants poured forth to give him welcome. The dress in which he chose to appear for the first time after so long an absence was very extraordinary; on a former occasion, when visited by Hannapa, a brother chief, he contented himself with an ordinary European suit; but he now, says Meares, arrayed himself in all his glory: his scarlet coat was decorated with such quantities of brass buttons and copper appendages of one kind or other, that they could not fail to procure him profound respect from his countrymen, and render him an object of unbounded admiration to the Nootka damsels. At least half a sheet of copper formed his breastplate; from his ears copper ornaments were suspended; and he contrived to hang from his hair, which was dressed with a long pig tail, so many handles of copper saucepans, that their weight kept his head in a stiff upright position, which very much heightened the oddity of his appearance.—For several of the ornaments with which he was now so proudly decorated Comekala had lived in a state of continual hostility with the cook, from whom he purloined them; but their last and principal struggle was for an enormous spit, which the American prince had seized as a spear, to swell the circumstances of that splendour with which he was preparing to dazzle the eyes of his countrymen. In such a state of accoutrement, and feeling greater delight than ever was experienced on the proudest European throne, the long-boat rowed Comekala ashore, when a general and deafening shout from the crowd assurred him of the universal joy felt on his return. The whole inhabitants moved to the beach, welcomed the traveller on shore, and afterwards conducted him to the king's house, which none but persons of rank were permitted to enter, and where a magnificent feast of whale blubber and oil was prepared. On the whole, Comekala's reception, and the impression made by his extraordinary costume, evinced his intimate knowledge of the character of his countrymen; for though to the English the effect was irresistibly comic, the natives regarded him with a mixture of silent awe and wonder, which after a while broke forth into expressions of universal astonishment and delight."—*Ib.*

PROTEST AGAINST POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"Mons. Tonson come again, aye, and again, and again,—coming, coming, coming. I will bear it no longer, it is absolutely insufferable. This miserable subject—this detestable Political Economy meets me at every turn. In good old times a man could avoid it—keep clear of quartos—eschew folios, and you were safe. But now we have Political Economy in octavo and duodecimo, besides pamphlets and tracts on Political Economy without number and without end. With the periodicals it is even worse: instead of one or two dull, solid articles per annum in the Edinburgh and Quarterly, which any one could skip, we have articles on Political Economy in the monthlys, the weeklys, and the dailys. Bulwer, Campbell, Tom Moore, and Wilson, (who knows better) all think it necessary to fill twenty pages per number with Political Economy. Nay, it was but the other day that I saw a new number of Peter Parley's Tales, entitled 'Peter Parley's Tales about Political Economy for Young Children.' Think of that—Political Economy for young Children. Let the boy's dive into Adam Smith, and the girls understand Malthus, and what can you expect from such a system, but that the man will bestow part of his labor in adding to the exchangable value of his own note by forging his neighbor's name on the back of it, and the woman be hanged for committing infanticide, lest the supply should exceed the demand? I had hopes that when Jeremy Bentham was dead, (may he rest in peace, or at least in quiet,) we should hear less of Political Economy. Jeremy was dead, and there were a fair prospect that the Westminster would not long survive him, and that the greatest happiness of the greatest number of that set, would be, to be declared bankrupt, or punished under the statute, against obtaining goods under false pretences; but I know not how it is, the evil advances—in the words of the old statute, it has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. What is the reason why our country is convulsed from north to south by the Tariff Question? Why are the Northern men talking of coercion, and the Southerners calculating the value of the Union—think you that it is really because they have different and irreconcilable interests?—not at all; it is because they have adopted different theories in Political Economy; and to these theories—fancies—notions—vagaries of the brain, they cling, and will cling forever: for a man will sacrifice any thing rather than his prejudices—and a regular political economist is the most obstinate of all animals, the jackass not excepted. The worst of it is, that it is corrupting the fair sex. Now-a-days, if a man seeks, as every wise man will, to while away an hour with them, instead of pretty prattle about dress and scandal, the last new novel, or poem, we have Ricardo and Adam Smith, price, value, utility, (that abhorred utility,) as familiar as household words. A word to bachelors. Did you ever see a lady reading Political Economy?—avoid her—of course you would not wish to marry such an one—of that you are incapable—but avoid her: do not walk, nor talk, nor drink with her—above all things do not play brag with her, I did once. How well she looked in Broadway next week—an elgant hat, Miss Thompson's best, lace veil, cashmere shawl.—N. B. My tailor had to wait till next quarter. This is but one of the cases in which the morale of the fair sex has been, to my knowledge, injured by Political Economy. It is the unsuspected cause of half the mischief they do. There, for example, is Miss B——, married to a rich curmudgeon, as old as her grandfather. Why did she do it?—entirely, according to McCulloch, she found that a hundred thousand dollars was the high price at which she could sell her love—a price which exceeded by a thousand fold the cost of its production—so, of course, the bargain was a good one; besides, her sister at nineteen, married a poor lawyer of two and twenty, and now at thirty, she has nine children; and Malthus says—more than I choose to repeat; but where will the growing numbers end, if I attempt to tell all the evils which result from Political Economy. The very name is odious to me, it has robbed me of so many pleasing associations that cling to the word Economy. I had but the Domestic Economy, and a bright vision of fireside enjoyments, home bred happiness rose before me: then Rural Economy, the neat well kept farm, warm, comfortable house, large, well stocked barn, good crops, repaying good tillage—all these, and more, did those sweet words Rural Economy re-call to mind; but Political Economy! what is associated with that?—eternal wrangling about principles which few understand and fewer believe—every thing estimated according to its market price, to be sold, without hesitation, for what it will bring. But I will follow Hal's advice, and take breath and to it again.

(*Knickerbacker for March.*) FALSTAFF.

A SCOTCH INTERPRETER.—An English gentleman on a visit to the north of Scotland, was told, when he came to Edinburgh, that he would not be able to understand the Aberdeenshire dialect, and was advised to take an Edinburgh servant as an interpreter, which he did; and upon his arrival at Lady F——'s an old Scottish Countess, he was desired by the hospitable lady, when seated at dinner, to "*fa tee, fa tee and eat.*" Upon his application to the interpreter for an explanation, the servant said, "Hout, man, her ladyship means, *fa tu, and eat.*" "And pray what the devil," replied his master, "is *fa tu?*"

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1833.

☞ *Four Dollars* each will be given for volumes 1 and 2 of the Constellation, if brought to this office in good condition.

If at the present day people do not read, it is not the fault of publishers; for scarcely a week elapses that we are not called upon to notice several new publications, either of instruction or amusement—from the ponderous folio stored with classic lore, to the meek and unpretending hebdomadal, diversified with flowers of literature, culled from the parent stock; and "budgets of fun" from the crow-quill of some worshipper of Momus.

The expense of obtaining the means of gratifying our taste, either for study or pleasure, cannot be objected to, when a volume of Harper's Family Library can be procured for Fifty cents, any one of Scott's novels for Thirty seven and a half cents, and an elephant sheet weekly of the current news, with a sprinkling of literature, for Two dollars a year.

With these introductory remarks, we would call the attention of our readers to the re-publication of the works of two favorite authors—Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth—which are now being issued from the presses of our city.

The complete works of Sir Walter Scott, with a Biography. CONNER & COOKE. Two numbers have been issued, forming parts first and second of the second volume—the first being delayed until the completion of his biography—now in the course of publication in England, under the superintendence of Mr. Lockhart. The numbers before us contain Waverley and Guy Mannering entire. The typography is beautiful, and the convenient manner in which the work is got up—similar to our magazines—together with its low price, Thirty seven and a half cents for each part, or an entire novel—must, we think, insure for it a ready sale. It would be superfluous to add one more word in recommendation of this work than the name of SCOTT—it speaks volumes.

Tales and Novels, by Maria Edgeworth. J. & J. HARPER. This is a happy combination, the names of SCOTT and EDGEWORTH should be closely allied, each in their particular class of writing, having been without a rival. The tales in the present volume—being the *third* of Harper's uniform edition, and comprising the *fifth* and *sixth* volumes of her works—are among those which have received unqualified approbation even from those persons most opposed to works of fiction. The volume is beautifully executed, and embellished with an engraved frontispiece and title page.

MAGAZINES.—There have been several attempts to establish a Monthly Magazine in this city, but from some cause, which we are not able to assign, they have heretofore been unsuccessful. In January the *Knickerbacker* made its appearance, under the editorial direction of a gentleman well known and admired in the literary circles—and it promises to become permanent. We have already noticed each number of the work as it appeared, and only now allude to it as a pioneer in 1833.

At the commencement of the present month, a new candidate for public favor appeared, under the title of the *American Monthly Magazine.* We have not met with the work ourselves, but it is favorably spoken of by many of our contemporaries.

A third is now before us, entitled *Mechanics' Magazine and Register of Inventions and Improvements,* by D. K. MINOR, Editor of the Rail Road Journal, &c. We have derived great pleasure from our examination of this publication, and do most cordially recommend it to that class of our citizens to whom it is particularly addressed; and not to them alone—the man of science, in every walk of life, may either derive instruction from its pages, or afford it through their medium, communications being solicited. The numbers for January and February contain a great variety of well executed engravings of Steam Engines, Carriages, Bridges, Presses, &c. &c. This Magazine, independent of its great utility, has a strong recommendation in its very low price, only *Three Dollars* per annum. It must be successful.

THE DOUAY BIBLE.—A very handsome edition of the Douay Bible has been published by Mr. John Doyle of this city. The typography is executed in a superior style; it possesses the advantage of parallel references, and is embellished with four engravings, and we have no doubt the exertions of the publisher will be amply remunerated by an extensive sale.

LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI, &c.—This work, from the pen of Mr. MacFarlane, the author of the celebrated "Constantinople in 1828," has been received from the press of the Messrs. Harpers. We have no space for farther notice this week—but in our next we hope to present some of the incidents and "hair-breadth 'scapes" to our readers.

SAM CROOKSHANK;

OR THE MEDICATED AXE.

Sam Crookshank was his mother's pride and his father's grief. Having no taste either for study or work, he commenced the character of gentleman. How well this character set upon him, the honest people of the neighborhood in which he resided can best tell; and they aver, in the homely language of the place, that it fitted him "like a shirt on a hoe-handle."

But the condition of a gentleman, however desirous it may be in several respects, is not entirely free from miseries and vexations. It is expensive, without being profitable; and is apt to produce envy, without gaining respect. At least, such is the case in a country where the people mostly get their living by the sweat of their brow, or by some active business or profession. But among other troubles which gentility brings, is that very prevalent disease, called DYSPEPSIA.

Sam Crookshank proved that he had at least one title to the character he had assumed—he was wofully troubled with the dyspepsia. He grew pale and wan; his cheek-bones, which had ever been a most prominent part of his face, seemed to project farther than ever; his under lip, which was naturally one of the rather pendent sort, now hung most lackadaisically down; and his calliper legs, which were never the least noticeable part of his person, began to bow out if possible farther than ever.

"Sam," said the wondering neighbors, "what the torment ails you? you look for all the world as gashly and wo-be-gone as a December ghost."

"I—I've got the *dispepsery!*" replied Sam.

"The dispepsery!" said farmer Whippletree, with a look of contempt—"what mought that be?"

"What mought it be?" returned Sam—"why, if you don't know what the dispepsery is, you're no gentleman."

"I hope not, in all conscience," replied the farmer, "but I should like to know what sort of a thing this is you call the dispepsery."

"Why, it is a kind of a—sort of a complaint."

"Umph! so it appears."

"It's a kind of a—sort of a—as it were—a queer feeling, which I never felt in all my life, until I become a gentleman."

"It's a right down gentleman's complaint then. But what is it like?"

"Like! why, it's like to make a notomy of me, if I don't get better of it soon."

"You'd make a monstrous pretty notomy, wouldn't you? But how does your gentility complaint feel?"

"Why, it makes me feel all over somberchely and down-in-the-mouth-like, as if I'd lost all my friends. In short, Mr. Whippletree, it's a kind of a, sort of an affectation of the stomach and indigestible noggins, as it were."

"The complaint is in your noggin I've no doubt," said the farmer, pointing to his head—"at least it begun there—but I can cure your stomach for you, if that's all you want."

"Gad!" exclaimed Sam, "can you cure it though? 'Pon my soul, I'd give any body the promise of a thousand dollars in a minute that would free me from this dreadful dispepsery. It's the only drawback, as it were, to my gentility."

"I'll cure you of both, your gentility and your dispepsery too, if you'll follow my advice."

"Couldn't think of it no how at all," returned Sam, pulling up his false collar about his ears—"I like the life of a gentleman all out, if I could only get rid of the plaguey dispepsery."

"Go to work, you lazy varmunt."

"To work! Oh no, Mr. Whippletree, I couldn't think of that—couldn't, 'pon my soul. Any thing else that you'll proscribe, in reason, I'll take. But as for work, I've put my veto 'pon that long ago."

"Then I give you up, for one of the Devil's incurables," returned the farmer, and left him.

Sam resorted to a variety of means to cure his complaint. He ate largely of mustard, cayenne pepper, horse-radish, and other sharp and powerful condiments—pushing them to such an extent, that his mouth burnt like fire and his eyes watered again. At the same time he fed enormously on beef, cabbage, and turnips; and topped off with an apple-dumpling. He also added a little whiskey to his meals, by way of corrective to the sad condition of his stomach. But it all would not do. The strong condiments and the whiskey, although they helped him to the destruction of no small quantity of beef, cabbage, and other matters, did not in the least aid his stomach in converting those things into good chyle, for the support and nourishment of his gentlemanly person. On the contrary, they rather tended, in the end, to render his complaint worse and worse.

He next had recourse to all the root doctors and doctresses, within fifty miles. He took likewise all the patent medicines he could hear of—the panaceas, the catholicons, and the infallible specifics. He even took a newspaper for the sole purpose of reading the advertisements of new and important medicines, and the certificates of wonderful cures done and performed through the agency thereof. But after all, poor Sam—or "Gentleman Sam," as the neighbors called him—had the dyspepsia as bad as ever.

But though he most heartily hated all study, and from his soul eschewed reading in general, he accidentally derived one advantage from taking a newspaper. In looking, as usual, for infallible cures, his eye chanced to meet with the following recipe, from a paper Down East:

"Take 1 oz. Camphor, 1 oz. Myrrh—pulverize and mix them together. Then bore a hole in the upper end of an axe helve, sufficient to contain the mixture, which put in and stop close. When this has stood 24 hours in a warm place, it will be fit for use."*

Such was the substance of the eastern recipe. But the manner of using it Sam did not so much admire. It was no other than this—namely, to get up every morning before the sun, and use the axe—beginning moderately at first, and increasing the exercise by degrees, until the heat produced by his hands should dissolve the mixture within the helve; which, oozing through the wood, should enter the pores of the skin, and so diffuse itself through his whole frame, adding new life and vigor to his enervated constitution.

"A murrain take the *work!*" said Sam, "if 'twasn't for that, I shouldn't mind taking the medicine at all."

He debated with himself for some days what to resolve upon. Though he disliked the mode of taking it, he had full faith in the medicine, as he had in all sorts of newspaper recipes. His father advised him by all means to take it; and so, likewise, did farmer Whippletree, and the rest of his acquaintance. The neighbors wished, above all things, to see "Gentleman Sam" brought to labor again.

"If I could only git the ingrediences into the pores of my hand without chopping for it," said Sam, "I shouldn't care. But, howsomever, work, or no work, I must take it, for I'm persuaded it's the only thing that'll cure me."

He accordingly prepared him an axe strictly in the manner prescribed, not omitting to set it in a warm place twenty-four hours before using. His father took care that the instrument should be well ground; and, that there should be no lack of materials to work upon, assigned him an acre of the primitive forest, thickly covered with oaks, beeches, and maples, to be cut down and wrought into fire-wood.

"Condemn it!" said Sam, as he reached the thick and lofty wood, "this is a pretty business for a gentleman! By jumping Joseph, it's a good week's work to cut down one of these trees, to say nothing of chopping and splitting it up. And then what the deuce has the ingrediences in the axe-helve to do with the chopping, I should like to know. But howsomever, as I said afore, that's nyther here nor there; it's so set down in the newsprint, and there's no disputing what that says."

Sam now pulled off his gentleman's coat, and fell to. He worked, according to the recipe, with a due degree of moderation at first; nevertheless, he soon got out of breath, and was obliged to slack away in order to recover his wind. He took special care, however, not to let go of his axe for a minute, lest the handle should cool, and thereby he should lose the benefit of what he had already done. Besides getting out of breath, his hands began to get sore, and numerous blisters were seen elevating the skin like puff-paste.

"Consarn it all!" said Sam, as he sat down on a log to rest—"this is a hard medicine. I'd rather take three bushel of the bitterest roots and yarbs that ever grew. This work will kill me, as sure as I live. I may as well die with the dispepsery, as to be cut off in the prime of my days by chopping these infarnal big trees. I'll give it up for a bad job. I never can endure these bloody blisters; besides, I'm so tired I can scarcely stand on my feet, let alone pegging, pegging into the trees like a rotten red-headed woodpecker. Good bye to the chopping! I say."

As Sam said this, he shouldered his axe, and was about quitting the wood, when a deep voice came, as it were, from a hollow tree close beside him, saying—

"S-a-m! S-a-m! stir not an inch, if you do, the Devil will have you for certain. Work two hours more to-day, and to-morrow be here bright and early."

"What!" exclaimed Sam, "if the trees begin to talk, it's time to look about me."

With that he turned back and fell to chopping again. He continued until his hands were nearly worn out, and his strength so exhausted that he could stand it no longer, when he again shouldered his axe, and without being farther molested by the voice from the tree, dragged himself home. He slept soundly that night, not being troubled in the least with dyspeptic dreams. His hands the next day were terribly sore, and he was lame in nearly every joint; but his appetite was greatly improved, and he was able to eat his meat without either pepper or mustard.

He would fain, however, have declined going to the wood; but the deep voice was still ringing in his ears, and the Devil seemed, in his heated imagination, ready to catch him. He once more, therefore, took his medicated axe and repaired to the forest. He continued longer than the day before; but so sore were his hands, that every stroke he struck gave him severe pain; and he was one or twice on the point of giving the matter up, when the same deep voice from the hollow tree again warned him of the danger of such a course.

In short, Sam Crookshank repaired to the wood daily—working longer and harder each day than the day before, sleeping soundly at night, and eating his meals with a constantly increasing appetite. His hands by degrees became hardened to the work, and his whole frame so strengthened that he could labor from morning till night without feeling half as much fatigue as he endured the first day from a single hour's work.

"But what a plague is the reason," said he, applying his nose to the axe-helve, "I can't smell the camphire and the murrer oozing through, as the newspaper said? I'm sure I've het the axe-helve nearly red hot every day for a month, and yet I can't perceive that the ingrediences come through at all. The potecary must a cheated me in the articles."

Full of this idea, he went to scold the apothecary for putting him off with bad medicines; when the latter threw his pestle at his head, and called him a fool for his pains.

But though Sam could not perceive by any outward signs that the medicine had come through the axe-helve; yet, inasmuch as he daily grew better by handling the instrument, he finally concluded that the virtue of the remedy had insensibly entered the pores of his hand, and without his knowing it diffused itself over his whole system.

He did not, however, relax his endeavors, nor lay aside the medicated axe, until his acre of woodland was completely chopped, and his dyspepsia most thoroughly cured. He was also cured of his gentlemanly pretensions; and is now one of the most industrious young men in the neighborhood.

There is one thing, however, which seems to him not a little mysterious, and that is the voice from the hollow tree. But some of his neighbors are thought to be wiser on that subject than he; and it is shrewdly suspected that Jack Whippletree, a waggish son of the farmer above-mentioned, knows more about the voice than he who heard it.

G.

THE DRAMA.

Park.—On Monday evening the curtain rose to a full and fashionable audience assembled to witness the return of Mrs. Austin as *Rosina*, and the first appearance in this country of Mr. Reynoldson as *Figaro*, in Rossini's version of *The Barber of Seville.* Mrs. Austin and Mr. Reynoldson were exceedingly well received. Of this gentleman's *Figaro* we must speak in terms of high praise; his voice, though of a limited compass, is yet managed with that skill which evidences that Mr. Reynoldson is no common *artiste* in musical ability. His comic *aria*, "Lo the Factotum," was given in a style of humorous rapidity that places Mr. R. at the very head of his line in this country—we mean as an English *opera buffo.* His acting is free from all restraint, sometimes infinitely comic, and always gentlemanly. As a practical musician, we understand that Mr. Reynoldson possesses very superior talent; the defects of his voice are therefore completely under his control. In appearance he is of a commanding figure, rather inclining to *embonpoint*, with features that can be rendered comic without burlesque. In our opinion this gentleman is a decided acquisition to the Operatic department of this theatre.

On Tuesday Mrs. Austin appeared as *Cinderella*, when Mr. Reynoldson made his second bow as *Dandini* to a yet fuller house. His Dandini was well played, and his concerted pieces executed with much judgment. In his song of "The life of a valet," he elicited very marked applause, and was deservedly encored by the whole house.

Mrs. Austin, by her admirable execution of the very difficult variations of "*The Tirolien*," excited universal admiration. The opera was never better got up, whether for musical arrangement, scenery, dresses or pageant.

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*The Author is indebted to the Portland Courier for the [illegible] the substance of which is given [illegible] upon his own imagination [illegible] describing its effects.

Of Miss Clara Fisher in *Don Giovanni*, and Mr. Hill in his *Yankee Stories*, we have merely space to say, that both were, as usual, excellent. *

Our correspondent "W. M. C." is always welcome. His production on the first page contains some most beautiful poetic ideas. He will observe we have taken the liberty of making a slight alteration, the necessity for which was probably unobserved by him in the hurry of writing.

☞ In our 18th number we noticed the continual abstractions from our pages by many of our cotemporaries. We repeat that "we are always happy when we find our labors so generally approved, but must request that when our 'brothers' cull our pages for their *brightness*, they will in common courtesy name the source to which they are indebted." We will merely add that this notice will apply more particularly to three Eastern and two Western papers; but should any journal hereafter appropriate our labors to their columns *unaccredited*, we shall assuredly give them a space in our pages.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

Promises, Assertions and Attorneys.—John Shaw was summoned to the Dublin *Court of Conscience* by Nicholas Furlong.

Magistrate—Why do you summon Mr. Shaw?

Furlong—Sure he's an attorney, your Worship, and he *done me* of course. I went, your Worship, to the Insolvents' Court to oppose one Yates, a client of Shaw's.

[Here all the attorneys in the Court raised their voices piano and forte, *allegro* and *andante*, to bespatter the unfortunate plaintiff in the cause of their brother chip.]

Magistrate—I entreat silence.

First Attorney—I beg to state, your Worship—

Second Attorney—Hear me in behalf of Mr. Shaw—I can distinctly shew you that—

Magistrate—Gentlemen, will you allow me to hear the plaintiff's case, and I shall attend to any observations you may—

Third Attorney—I assert, your Worship—

Mr. Fullam—And I assert, your Worship—

Chorus—And I assert, your Worship—

Furlong—Am I to be gagged in this manner? Am I to be devoured by a set of sharks, your Worship?

First Attorney—It is a plain matter of fact—

Mr. Fullam—Leave the business to me: I will settle it.

Second Attorney—Leave it to me; I can positively shew upon good authority that—

Chorus—Leave it to me: leave it to me.

Magistrate—Unless you keep silence, I shall be compelled to clear the court.

The plaintiff was then allowed, with considerable interruptions, to state his case, in which it showed that he had appeared at the Insolvent Court to oppose a client of Shaw's, whereupon Shaw stated that he would engage that plaintiff's demand should be paid in full, if the opposition was withdrawn. He had consequently withdrawn it; but when he applied for the amount promised him, Shaw merely laughed at him, and he had summoned him in order to recover it.

The complaint was dismissed.

John Byrne, a queer-looking raw-boned fellow, was arraigned at the Tralee Assizes for stealing a coat, stockings, and three hammers, the property of Thomas Maher.

Thomas Maher sworn—Recollects losing his coat and stockings.

Chief Baron—What time?

Witness—What time? your honor! it was when the new praties was digging, my Lord—(A laugh.)

Chief Baron—That depends upon the time they were sown.

Prisoner—Oh, bodder! My Lord, that fellow is my brother-in-law, and we are both tinkers, and we got drunk, and I gave him my coat and budget for his, my Lord, and two shillings to boot.

Witness—Oh, your honour, don't listen to him; that fellow has a tongue that would persuade your honour to do any thing—I'm only a simple fellow—(Laughter.)

Chief Baron—Is he your brother-in-law?

Witness—Oh no, my Lord, he coaxed my sister away, and she keeps with him—(Laughter.)

Chief Baron—Is she here?—perhaps she can tell us something about the matter.

The tinker's wife, a buxom young woman, with a child in her arms, came on the table opposite the witness, and being sworn, said, 'I'll tell your Honor's Lordship the whole truth. My husband—'

Witness (interrupting)—If he's your husband, where's your sar-ti-fikat.

Chief Baron—Don't you see it in her arms—(Great laughter.)

Tinker's wife—He is my husband, my Lord, and I have four childer, and this fellow is my brother, and they're both tinkers, and your Honour knows when tinkers get drunk they're the very divil—(Laughter.)

Witness (interrupting)—Oh, my Lord, I'm in dread of my life of him—he'd beat a hundred like me—I'm only a simple fellow—if your Lordship lets him out he'll ruin me with beating.

Chief Baron—If he strikes you, I'll transport him.

Tinker's wife—Oh, my Lord, let him out and I'll engage they will be as great as two pickpockets in half an hour—(Laughter.)

Prisoner discharged.

Tinkler's wife falling on her knees, 'Oh, may your Honour's Lordship live till the end of time and longer.

ANECDOTES.

Of Goldsmith.—"Goldsmith's life and character are so well known to the world, that it would be wasting time to enter on particulars. I shall therefore content myself with relating one anecdote, as it marks his character, and has not been printed. Mr. Cooke had engaged to meet a friend at Marylebone Gardens. He had cash enough to pay for admission, but not for the necessity of coach-hire and the casualty of a supper. He therefore applied to his friend Goldsmith for the loan of a guinea. Poor Goldsmith was in the same *Parnassian* predicament, but undertook to borrow the sum of a friend, and to bring it to Cooke before he departed for the gardens. Cooke waited in expectation to the last moment that allowed him a chance of witnessing the entertainments of the place, but no Goldsmith appeared. He therefore trusted to fortune, and sallied forth. Meeting some hospitable Irish countrymen at the place, he partook of a good supper, and did not return to his chambers till five in the morning. Finding some difficulty in opening his door, he stooped to remove the impediment, and found it was the guinea that Goldsmith had borrowed for him, wrapped in paper, which he had attempted to thrust under the door, not observing the hole in the letter-box, obvious to everybody else. Cooke thanked him in the course of the day, but observed that he ought not to have exposed the sum to such danger in so critical a state of their finances, as the laundress, coming early in the morning, or any casual stranger, might have seized the precious deposite. At what time Goldsmith had left the money he could not recollect; but he might naturaly have thought that he brought it too late, as Cooke had left the chambers.—In answer to Cooke's observation as to the danger of losing the guinea, he said, 'In truth, my dear fellow, I did not think of that.' The fact is, he probably thought of nothing but serving a friend."

Of John Wilkes.—"The late Mr. John Palmer, member for Bath, told me that he passed a few days with Wilkes in the Ise of Wight. On one occasion Mr. Palmer at dinner spoke highly of some pigeons on the table, as of an extraordinary size. Wilkes gave the following account of them. 'I was particularly fond of pigeons,' said he, and 'wanted to encourage a fine breed. I procured some from France and other places on the Continent, but, having taken all possible pains to render their reception agreeable, after a short time they returned to their native place At length I despaired of ever possessing a breed of my favourite bird, when a friend advised me to try Scotland. I did so, and the pigeons which you admire, of which I procured a large stock, have never returned to their own country.'" Perhaps the illiberal hatred of Scotland which he entertained in common with Dr. Johnson, a feeling unworthy and disgraceful to both, was one of the reasons why the great moralist consented to be acquainted with him.

There are many proofs of Wilkes's wit, which are too well known to be introduced in this place.—The following, however, I believe, have not publicly appeared. A lady once asked him to take a hand at whist, but he declined in the following terms, 'Dear lady, do not ask me, for I am so ignorant that I cannot distinguish the difference between a *king* and a *knave!*' Here the republican tendency of his feelings is manifest.

In a dispute between Sir Watkin Lewes and himself, the former said, 'I'll be your butt no longer.'—'With all my heart,' said Wilkes, 'I never like an *empty one*.'

It was generally rumoured at the time, that Wilkes wrote an answer to a satirical letter to Sir Watkin from Horne Tooke, when Sir Watkin was sheriff. The answer concluded as follows: 'It only remains, sir, for me, in my office of sheriff, to attend you to that fate which you have long deserved, and which the people have impatiently expected.

Wilkes was among the persons who were suspected to be Junius, but though witty, pleasant, and humorous, he never could soar to the dignified height of the great inscrutable censor of the times, who threw firebrands among all ranks without distinction or remorse. Upon another occasion he displayed his sarcastic humour on royalty, for he said 'he loved the king (George the Third) so much, that he hoped never to see another.'

Upon having a snuff box presented to him to take a pinch, he said, 'No, sir, I thank you, I have no *small vices*.'

One evening, when the House of Commons was going to adjourn, he begged permission to make a speech, 'for,' said he, 'I have sent a copy to the 'Public Advertiser,' and how ridiculous should I appear, if it were published without having been delivered.'"—*Taylor.*

The venerable *James Madison*, Ex-President of the U. S., completed his 83d year on the 5th inst. He was born on the 5th of March, 1750.

THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT AT HERRNHUTH.

"In the midst of a beautiful wilderness this city of refuge sprung up."

Between the towns of Bautzen and Zittau, in Upper Lusatia, there is a range of woody hills, overlooking a country abounding in almost every species of natural beauty. To the northward, as far as the eye can reach, a luxuriant plain extends, rich in meadow and pasture lands, and diversified by extensive tracts and patches of wood and forest; to the eastward, the scene is yet more attractive; different ranges of woody hills, covered with ancient pine, beech, and oak, rise abruptly from the plain, and exhibit extraordinary variety of outline, sometimes extending in long, wavy, wood-crowned ridges, at others, towering into pointed conical peaks, whose rocky summits seem to defy the approach of man. The country between is broken by rocky dells, and watered by many a mountain stream. Populous villages, and long straggling hamlets, embosomed in fruit trees, meet the eye in every direction, and denote a dense and industrious population. The magnificent range of the Bohemian and Silesian mountain forests bound the scene; and when illumined by the beams of the setting sun, seem to enclose this splendid picture in a frame of burnished gold.

Such was the habitation chosen by Count Zinzendorf, for his simple and single-minded brethren. In their neighbourhood, and almost in their society, I spent two years and a half of my life. The pleasure I felt in revisiting the haunts of my boyhood (for I was scarce 17 years old when I left that country), was even more intense than the anticipation of it; a rare event in the history of any man's life. I was received with open arms, and the freshest feelings of friendship, though eight years had elapsed since I left them; during which time they had heard nothing of me, and I almost as little of them. Their little town wore the same neatness of aspect, the same appearance of unvarying regularity. In their exterior there was the same formality, and in their dress the same fantastic simplicity. Their manners, indeed, are not polished; their habits are uniform, and their observances tediously regular and somewhat austere. An air of enthusiastic piety lights up the countenances of the elders; sobriety and serenity distinguish the middle aged, and the sprightly spirits of the young seem strictly repressed within the bounds of rigid decorum. Yet none of these exterior marks of "a peculiar people" wear the air of restraint; it is Nature, chastened by contemplative and religious habits. There is no moroseness in their aspect or address. Their reception of strangers is distinguished for cordiality, openness of manner, unreservedness of mind, and natural curiosity. Never was there a sect of severe and almost enthusiastic religionists, clearer from the imputation of hypocrisy than these people,

I was anxious to revisit the environs of a place, distinguished by every thing that is attractive in Nature, and I confess that her works were always more congenial to my feelings than the institutions of men. In Nature, every thing wears the appearance of beauty, truth, and fitness. It is not so with the doings of men. Human institutions may outwardly show much of convenience and expediency; but the most plausible of them frequently rest upon useful deceptions, facetious habits, or ancient prejudices; if they are simple, they are often barbarous; if complicated, they exhibit mostly a series of contrivances to check the vices of a civilized age, and neutralize the evil passions of mankind, by setting them in judicious opposition to each other.

This is, indeed, the dark side of the picture; but in the contemplation of nature, there is no dark side. She is what she appears; she is a book of instruction and of poetry, without an error in her page, open to all the world, and unintelligible only to those who have thrown away, or drowned in the cares and dissipations of society, the best feelings of their nature.

Passing hastily through the neat streets of Herrnhuth, I plunged at once into the magnificent pine and beech woods which skirt the town. Numerous and commodious footpaths intersect them in every direction. That which I pursued led directly down the steep sides of a ravine which runs along the bottom of the hills, on which the town stands; there you enter at once upon a long range of flowery meadows, watered by a brook which winds through them in many a fantastic curve. Its silent waters are here and there overshadowed by thick tufts of shrubs, and fringed with low brushwood, till it disappears in the dark recesses of a rocky dell. On all sides enormous pines fling their huge branches in many an uncouth attitude over the green sward, exhibiting a fanciful alternation of light and shade, in masses of silvery brightness, or darkest obscurity. The rich fringy foliage of the beech contrasts beautifully with the dark majesty of the lordly pine, and the elegant clusters of the weeping birch impart an indescribable grace to this enchanting scene of sylvan solitude.

No scene could be imagined fitter for the indulgence of contemplative and religious habits; and none more likely to impart to such reveries a portion of its own indescribable tranquillity, grace, and majesty. The occasional appearance of a few sober worthies, solitary as myself, yet apparently less disturbed by the novelty of the scene than I was, attracted my attention. Each, as he passed me, gently raised his hat from his head in kindly courtesy, and with tranquil smile seemed to invite to conversation. But those who have but few moments for the contemplation of scenes like this must be selfish; and I passed on in silence.

Evening approached, and the daily occupation of the peaceful community had closed; and now the woods were enlivened with many a formally attired youth and maiden. But, alas! not in that friendly and graceful union, which less rigid forms of society admit. I have observed, that in this community the separation of the two sexes until marriage, is made a point of moral policy. Thus even in these their hours of recreation, the little knots of youths and maidens passed each other with no other than distant, though friendly, salutations. As far as I was concerned, nothing could exceed the good-humoured politeness of these people. Though ever attentive, it was never irksome, because it was the natural expression of warm feelings. There is (notwithstanding the little light muslin skull cap which they wear) a gracefulness in the appearance and manner of the young women which retirement alone can impart; though they are not one whit less demure and serious than the male part of the community.

In the midst of my observations a friend accosted me, and we ascended together through the woods. Our evening was spent in social conversation, and we separated, with a "God be with you" on his part, and a feeling rather more resembling affection than mere good will on mine.—*Lit. Gaz*

Temperance Celebration.—The fourth anniversary of the "New York State Temperance Society" was held at Albany on the 26th ult. The meeting was addressed by Chancellor Walworth, the President of the society, and by several other speakers; and the other customary performances of such occasions took place.

The Argus thus suitably notices the proceedings:

"The house was crowded, and the silent attention of the large audience evinced the importance attached to the objects of the meeting as well as the talents and eloquence of those who took a part in it. Our readers will be aware of the fact, that the same day was distinguished by a simultaneous meeting throughout this country and Europe, so far as the information has extended. When we consider the object of this celebration, the alacrity with which the request relative to it from the parent Board has been received; the cordiality and earnestness with which so great a mass of human beings as now constitute the temperance society, have agreed to support the good cause by this simutaneous expression, we know not in what language to declare our feelings of exultation and gratitude. The exercises of the present anniversary were appropriate to the high and cheering occasion. Never in the history of benevolent efforts, has any reformation presented such claims to the approbation and hopes of mankind. The imagination is lost in the contemplation of the happy results that seem destined to reward a glorious enterprise, whose object to banish the worst and most prolific vice from the globe.

We hope the anniversary on this occasion celebrated, may be observed with increasing interest to the end of time. May the blessing of Heaven and the approbation of all good men reward the agents of this glorious reform, and a merciful Providence extend it to every portion of the world."

At a Temperance meeting in this city on the same evening, several gentlemen of distinction made addresses. The Rev Cyrus Mason, in his remarks introduced the following facts as coming under his own observation:—"He had (he said) examined the books of the Ladies' Society, established in this city for the relief of poor widows with small children, and the startling fact was developed by that inspection that there were to be found upon those books, the names of 150 widows who had intemperate husbands, who died here of the Cholera, and who had children born since that period. Thus were 150 infants left, by intemperance, to the cold charity of the world in a premature orphanage!"

Hugh Maxwell, Esq formerly District Attorney for this city, spoke of the energy and power of the city and state of New York in promoting public improvements, and particularly in measures for the education of her youth who were favoured with the means of public instruction in the proportion of one to three of the whole population, "whilst in Scotland which boasts so much of the moral condition of its people, the proportion is but as one to ten, and in England as one to fifteen. But there was much difficulty he said in doing any thing effectual whilst intemperance is patronized politically by our magistrates and civil authorities. We have 3000 licensed dram shops in this city; and how could it be expected that family instruction and exhortation would be available when dram shops, authorized by the city legislature and the magistracy occupy three thousand corners of our streets? If a servant is sent to a grocery for a loaf of bread—he there sees the dealer, who who gives him the loaf with one hand, administering poison to some other customer with the other—and all this *according to law!*"

Damages in the sum of $1750 have recently been awarded in a trial in York Co. Maine, for *Breach of Promise of Marriage*. The sum of $1500 with costs was also given a few days since in a similar case in Litchfield Co. Connecticut.

THE IRON TRUNK.

Frederick Stapps was a member of the University of Erfurth—distinguished for his manly beauty and his varied accomplishments, and admired by all who knew him: yet Frederick seemed insensible to the praise of his instructors and fellows, and to the blandishments of the fair; and his fondness for solitude and abstraction were not less remarkable than the superiority he evinced when he mingled in society. To account for the mystery in his character, we are furnished with a sketch of his early history—from which we learn, that, being the son of a village curate, he had become attached in his childhood to the only daughter of the Duke of Rodoldstadt, a princess of surpassing beauty and every other attraction. As soon as this intimacy was suspected by the maid's proud father, Frederick was denied all access to the castle; and at the time when our quotation begins, the youth was attempting, by a new mode of life and occupation, to forget a hopeless love:—

"It was one of those splendid evenings of the German autumn, when sunset turns the atmosphere into purest azure and the sky to burnished gold, that young Frederick stood upon the rampart of Erfurth admiring the glories of a landscape unsurpassed for beauty—where vast forests, and dim mountains, and noble rivers stretching beyond him in boundless continuity, were all bathed in one rich dye of expiring light, and seemed hushed into the calmness of reposing life. He had just risen from the perplexing study of the old philosophy, and his mind was confused with a thousand distracting influences: the unrivalled scene before him had a composing effect upon his feelings, and he had almost forgot he was in being in the deep revery which fell upon his spirit, when his attention was attracted by a splendid equipage, proceeding at a rapid rate toward the city from the direction of Rodoldstadt. In the listless state of mind which often succeeds wearied spirits, with what anxiety will we watch the smallest incident that tends to mar the monotony. And thus Frederick continued to trace the glittering vehicle and its numerous attendants, as it wound its way, now hid in valleys, now glancing through scattered trees, and now driving furiously over the level champaign toward the city. When it came up, it stopped directly under the rampart, and two ladies were assisted to alight by the officious servants. The student from his elevated position could observe all their motions. The eldest seemed to be about forty, of a noble and dignified demeanor; and her companion, hardly yet a woman, was gifted with a beauty so surpassing, that Frederick, in his warmest dreams of perfection, had never supposed such reality could exist. So absolutely had the idea of the lovely stranger possessed him, that he almost felt his existence a blank, as she disappeared under the arch; but his whole soul thrilled with an emotion he had never felt before, when as again he saw her and her companion mount the rampart and approach, he recognized in that modelled loveliness only the matured and expanded charms of the girlish heiress of Naumburgh. Her form was as faultless as her countenance; and there was a sylph-like lightness in her step that, to the impassioned student, seemed the very harmony of grace. As they passed along, Frederick felt regret steal upon his mind, that that beautiful vision would soon be gone for ever, when he saw the younger lady drop something from her person, which she did not notice. With the rapidity of lightning he flew from the spot where he was standing, and snatched the precious relic from the ground. It was a bracelet; and in the warmth of his feelings the excited Stapps could not avoid pressing an impassioned kiss on the costly gems which it enchased. Whether it was that the lady had missed the article, or had been struck by the sudden precipitancy of the before motionless figure, she and her companion turned, and before the unconscious Frederick was aware, his glance met the soft blue eyes of the lovely owner. He instantly blushed the deepest crimson, and in unutterable confusion hastened to present the bracelet—though he had never wished for grace in his movements so much, yet he never felt so awkward. Perhaps, from sympathy with the extraordinary agitation displayed by the young man—the exquisite features of the lady colored slightly as she received it—and that transient blush touched his heart with rapture. And though she gave him no other sign of recognition than the tones of winning sweetness in which she thanked him, she left Frederick Stapps from that absorbing moment an altered and a ruined man.

On events how slender hang the destinies of individuals as well as nations. That simple incident of the bracelet altered every taste, and habit, and predilection of the Erfurth student. Every successive evening saw him standing on the same spot, admiring the same glorious sunset, and the same magnificent expanse of landscape, not however with the feelings of ardent admiration as at first, but with the single hope of seeing that equipage return, which contained the lovely creature who had laid a spell upon his soul. He attended the lectures of the different professors assiduously as ever—but science had lost its charms. He still mingled, but without enjoyment, in the wild revelry of his companions, and to the little fetes of the friendly citizens, he went as ever a welcome but an unconscious guest—he met there many a fair and even beautiful maiden—but only felt that there was not present the soft violet eyes and the sunny curls, which shaded the tinted beauty of that countenance which had left its impression for ever on his heart.

A passion so lone, so cherished, so consuming, could not exist long without producing serious inroads upon his constitution; and young Stapps, once the admired of all, soon became pale and emaciated.

Frederick had a friend. Theodore Guzmann was the son of an *Amterath*,[*] who lived in the neighborhood of the village of which his own father was the curate: and from infancy their predilections and tastes had been the same. Circumstances had, however, given a different complexion to their character. Frederick, tutored by his father in the bold doctrines of Luther, felt an admiration only for those illustrious personages, whose enthusiasm in former ages had sprinkled history with the coloring of romance. The indignant virtue of Lucretia—the heroic self devotion of Mutius—the daring intrepidity of Philopœmen, and the tireless patriotism of Tell were subjects on which he loved to ponder—and he conceived nothing could be more glorious than self-devotion in a cause of public good. Theodore, on the contrary, viewed distinction only with admiration. Patriotism was with him an instrument, and not a passion: and the Cæsars, and Sforzas, and Cromwells of history, were the only idols of his fancy—panting for eminence in any form—he found full scope for his ambition, in taking advantage of the reaction in public opinion, which the overstretched power of Napoleon after the battle of Jena had produced upon the continent, and in bending all the energies of his compeers to the new-formed project of liberating their favorite Teutonia, as they designated Germany in the mystic language which they loved to assume. He was therefore deeply connected with the secret societies then in active operation throughout all the states of the Rhine and Danube, and was mainly instrumental in abolishing the odious rivalry of the old Landmannschaften, and cementing that most influential of all classes of society in Germany, the students, under the more extended and generous title of Burschenschaft.

It was to this friend that Frederick at length confided the hopeless secret, which was wasting him in his prime. That evening they were seen to wander far, far from the ramparts; and late at night they returned, linked arm in arm, and still engaged in earnest conversation, to the little apartment of Frederick on the Schneider Platz.

'It were foolish, my dear Stapps,' said his friend, removing a number of dusty books, and sitting down in the old carved oak chair, "to let the prediction of this foolish woman sink upon your mind. I never give any credit to such visionaries."—"You cannot ridicule me out of this impression, Theodore," returned the other, sinking back in his chair, and withdrawing the poker from the half extinguished fire he had been raking, "as sure as this metal is in my hand, the incident of that day will exercise an influence on my fate." Theodore only answered by applying himself assiduously to renovate the dying embers, and soon succeeded in kindling a blaze. Frederick sat still watching his operations without speaking. He was recalled to himself by Theodore looking up—and repeated with solemn emphasis—'*In one month you will see in the ducal ball-room of Erfurth the person who will determine your fate.*' 'Yes,' said Theodore, "those were the words of the soothsayer; and I think it will be unfortunate for her that she has ventured, contrary to the custom of her tribe, to affix a day. 'This is September,' said Frederick. 'Yes,' said the other with emphasis—'and the sixth of September, too—the very night of the general meeting of our body, do, Stapps, forget this foolish adventure and still more foolish prediction, and you will find nobler objects to engross your attention than a ridiculous love for a lady you know nothing about; and who would most probably, were she aware of your attachment, ridicule you most heartily for your pains.' He winced under the bitter truth of the remark, and replied with a sigh, 'it is indeed foolish, but that high-born girl has occupied all my thoughts from infancy. In my father's church, when she was as yet a child, my earliest exercise of thought was remarking how transcendently her flaxen curls and radiant countenance surpassed the sculptured cherubs upon the princely pew of her family. I never heard her mentioned but with lavish praise. I never saw her but she evinced a condescension so different from the hauteur of elevated rank, that I loved her before I knew it: and when all these unconscious but organized impressions were revived at once by that unexpected sight—when in the frame of mind in which I was, her appearance seemed like a descended seraph—and then the still more unexpected interview. Oh! Theodore, can you wonder that I should resign every faculty of my soul to the delicious fascination of that presumptuous but intoxicating love.' 'Yes,' said Theodore, touched by the enthusiasm with which he spoke, and convinced that since the cure of Stapps was hopeless, he could best serve his friend by affording passion a ray of hope to live on—'Yes, Frederick, the lady is worthy of supreme idolatry. By yourself and unassisted, no probability holds out the slighest chance of your being able to succeed. Come and join our body, and the united and directed efforts of the whole Burschenschaften shall be directed to your success, and to you I need not expatiate upon their power.' Frederick was struck with the proposal, and after remaining silent a few moments, he held out his hand. 'Theodore,' said he, 'I embrace your proposal; but to you alone have I communicated this perilous secret; with you alone must it remain.'—'To death,' said the other, warmly returning the grasp and seizing his hat—'so come away, it is full time we should set out.' Frederick muffled himself after the other's example in his cloak, and they proceeded on their way. They hurried through that deserted portion of the city which remains, in silent and lonely grandeur, a memorial of the flourishing opulence which in the fifteenth century attracted to this insignificant place all the commerce of the empire—and passed by the Augustine monastery, now converted into an orphan hospital, whose time-worn walls first harbored that man, the greatest ever Germany produced—whose tongue of thunder upset the settled superstition of a thousand years, and effected the greatest moral revolution ever history recorded.[*] They then entered a spacious but seemingly deserted building, which had formerly accommodated one of the Palatines of the empire. They were received by a very suspicious looking *Hausmeister*, who immediately passed them on, interchanging a word with Theodore. Then winding through a narrow passage they descended a long flight of stairs, into what Frederick thought must have been the wine-cellars of the house. Through many of these apartments they groped their way in the profoundest darkness, guided only by jutting stones, placed so as to render it utterly futile for any but the initiated ever to have discovered the haunt to which they were the guides. At last, when Frederick was almost weary, his uncertainty was removed by his friend's touching a spring which opened a door, and disclosed to the wondering Stapps a scene that might well have filled with astonishment and even awe any one less firm than himself whose undaunted hardihood had obtained among his companions the appellation of *Stock-am-eisen*, or the "Iron Trunk."

It was a long and low arched room, supported by massive columns, and lit by numberless smoky torches. A long table in the centre was covered with all the implements of drinking, and many of its crowded inmates lay around apparently overcome by intoxication. Could it be blood which lay upon the floor thought Frederick, as they passed a red pool of gory fluid. But there was plenty of frightful reality besides, and coffins, skulls, every variety of weapon and hideous representation of *Hartz* demons; and other supernatural creations of the old German superstition were scattered about in horrid confusion. The inmates were ferocious looking and haggard, though the young novice could discern from the crested hilt, that many a person was present of nobler rank than they seemed. To one not aware of the wild habits of his countrymen, all this accumulation of horrors might have proved terrible in the extreme. But Frederick knew too well the uncompromising hostility with which the German governments proscribed the slightest expression of political liberty, to wonder at the jealous and even fearful secrecy in which these enthusiasts had entrenched themselves against the pervading vigilance of the emissaries of State. At the time of which we write, those societies had attained a perfection of organization unexampled for potency and extent. It was then that the gigantic power of Napoleon, consolidated by the ruin of the Prussian Monarchy and the dictated treaty of Tilsit, had obtained that commanding influence under which every power on the continent bowed. And though the vassal potentates of Germany seemed to forget their degradation in the brilliant title of 'Confederates of the Rhine,' yet the great body of the people viewed matters in a far different light, and were universally dissatisfied at the altered allegiance of their native princes, and the heavy imposts with which they were loaded for the aggrandization of a foreign and generally hostile power.

To increase this feeling, and to work upon the prevailing fears of popular discontent by a secret but universal agency, was the object of these clandestine associations; and their history remains an unexampled proof, not only of their perfect adaptation to the end proposed, but of the unflinching fidelity with which their invisible character was preserved. Into these hidden conclaves all the young intelligence of the vast regions of Germany were enrolled; and their nights were spent either in appalling orgies, that might render them familiar with every possible manifestation of hazard, or in exciting their enthusiasm by mystical songs and representations of a deified but imaginary liberty.[†] Napoleon, in the very zenith of his power, felt his darling supremacy totter beneath the undermining influence of the public opinion which these viewless enemies had arrayed against him. * * *

When a continuance of the revel had inflamed the minds of the party into proper excitement, the scene was changed by a wave of the chieftain's hand into a deeper solemnity of horror. A number of the party attired to represent the vassal warriors of Odin, entered the cavern paradise, each bearing a bowl of the blood red wine, celebrated as the drink of gods by the early bards—these were placed before them at proper distances, and then a skull cased in silver accompanied by every bone of the human skeleton bleached like ivory, and whispered to be the remnants of a martyred traitor, was laid upon the table: and the whole party rising up laid their hands on some portion of the appalling memento, and swore aloud that thrilling oath which bound them by the most fearful adjurations of affrighted conscience to stand by each other through weal or woe—to leave no stone unturned, no means untried, which could effect the deliveration of their country—invoking on themselves, and denouncing to others the untiring vengeance of exasperated wrath should they betray the trust, and dooming themselves by the tortures of never-ending perdition to accomplish every purpose of this body, or perish in the attempt. Then as if to screw themselves to the terrible resolution and drown the involuntary shudder of their startled reason, they seized the symbolic wine and drank a flowing bumper, raising the following song, and passed it to one another amid the pealing chorus of every mingled voice.

DRINKING SONG OF THE BURSCHENSCHAFT.

Pass round the blood red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up
Unknown to those who shrink.

Pass round the wine,
And thoughts divine
Will like a spell come o'er us—
There's not a joy
Without alloy
But that we have before us.
Then fill the blood-red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up
They cannot know who shrink.

This is the zest
Which rids the breast
Of all the ills that chain it,
And love and hope,
Find brighter scope
The deeper that we drain it.
Then fill the blood-red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up
They cannot feel who shrink,

They never knew,
The dismal few
Who would its use prohibit,
The glow of bliss
Which times like this—
So wild—so well exhibit.
Then pass the blood-red cup,
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in draining up
They cannot know who shrink.

In chains we bow
To strangers now,
And if we have to bear them,
This can assuage
Our grief and rage
Till comes the time to tear them.
Then pass the kindling cup,
And coward souls may shrink,
But sterner men will quaff it up—
Drink! banded brothers, drink.

* * * * *

The effects of the beverage on Frederick was overpowering—his heart sickened, his brain whirled and he fell fainting with overwhelming dizziness from his seat. To what passed afterwards he was insensible. But the transactions of that night left through all the stupefaction of his intellect an ineffaceable impression of horror on his mind. Towards morning, and while he was still struggling between the eclipse of reason and intensest consciousness, the chief called him.—'Stock-am-eisen,' said he, 'your conduct has proved you worthy of your iron title. Hear me now. In a few days the greatest man the world ever produced will be in Erfurth to hold a conference ostensibly with the Emperor of Russia, but in reality to shew him half the princes of Europe in his train. Some blow is meditated against our independence by this artful policy. You must attend his levees as our representative. Every disqualification as to rank will be removed; and remember the stake which depends upon your discretion.'

He turned instantly away and left Stapps overwhelmed with a vague feeling, between astonishment, agitation, and delight. He was astonished as to how this important state intelligence had been procured—agitated at the fearful responsibility he incurred, between the risk of detection on the one hand, and the more terrible consequences attendant on the probability of giving dissatisfaction on the other; and he was delighted even to ecstacy at the springing hope which arose within him, that in the prosecution of that perilous task he might see once more, and even meet under the semblance of an equal rank, among the glittering throng of the imperial festivities, that cherished idol of his soul, to the passion of loving whom he had resigned every other actuating principle of his life. Then too, the time specified, in the cabalistic oracle he had heard from the wretched soothsayer in the Thuringian forest would be fulfilled, and tormented with a thousand distressing anxieties of hope and fear, he resolved to prepare himself for the event.

Few cities in the world have ever witnessed a scene of splendour like that which Erfurth presented on the evening of the 27th of September, 1808. The Emperor of France, to give the great nations of Europe, exulting in the hope of his diminished influence, a convincing proof of his imposing power, had resolved on that day to meet not merely the vassal kings of the Confederation, but the Giant of the North, the great autocrat of Russia himself. And though generally careless of the mere forms of royalty, he resolved to celebrate this great occasion by a profuse display of all the gorgeous magnificence which his imperial resources enabled him to assume.

Common occasions would be inadequate to afford a comparison of the wide anxiety to witness the splendid pageant. And even Frederick forgot almost every other feeling in the absorbing curiosity of the moment. The cloudless sun flashed for hours on the golden equipments of the countless thousands, thronging every peopled road, and in that country of etiquette arrayed for the occasion in their gala robes. And when at length, passing through the saluting files of the French and Russian guards and preceded by the escutcheons of three thousand feudal families, the banners of eleven kingdoms and more than fifty independent states, the created and creator of revolution, himself, appeared, riding unostentatiously at the side of the greatest monarch of the ancient dynasties, and each, like Henry and Francis, wearing the decorations of the other: one simultaneous shout rang from the assembled myriads who thronged the scene—a prouder homage to the genius of the man than all the thunder of the artillery which proclaimed the imperial advent. From that day festivities of every description reigned in Erfurth. But the attention of Stapps was more particularly directed to a ball in which all the nobility of Germany were invited to meet the Emperors. This was the scene for which the student longed. The lovely creature whose form had haunted him so long would, he knew, be there, moving unsurpassed in her native sphere; and shedding those smiles on all, one of which in the fervour of his devotion he would have died to obtain. And yet he sighed to think that even the sight of this golden fruit must be to him denied, so completely was all approach to rank prevented by the jealous vigilance of German etiquette. On the evening previous to the fete, while Frederick was pondering in misery on his inferior station, he was surprised in his little room by the sudden appearance of a stranger, who threw a large bundle upon the table, and immediately withdrew. On examining the package Frederick could hardly believe his senses when he found it to contain a full court suit of the costliest materials, accompanied with a card of invitation, bearing the seal and signature of the two imperial chancellors, and every requisite for making an appearance brilliant as any of the haughty nobles who were to mingle in the fete. Among the articles he found a note, which only contained the words, 'Assume the name and title of the Baron Von Fuerstein, remark every particular, attend to every conversation, and be to-morrow at the Augustine Monastery.' Frederick shuddered as he thought for a moment on the complete resemblance between the stranger and the mysterious chief of the initiation vaults, and trembled for the consequence; but the warm impulse of his love proved a stronger stimulus than any terrors which might be consequent upon refusal. He had too much confidence in the accuracy of their plans, to fear any risk in consequence of taking the illustrious name he was directed, and he retired to bed excited with the influence of a thousand hopes.

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[*] The Amterath of Germany is an individual very nearly resembling our esquire in habits and influence.

[†] It was in this monastery that Luther formed one of the brotherhood. His cell is still shown.

[†] The sketch of the influence of the various secret societies in Germany is not overdrawn; and a few years previous time of which we write, their practises were more terrific, and their organization more ingeniously complex, gradually advancing from the simplest form of social intercourse to the most fearful rites with which jealous secrecy was ever screened by terror. If we are to believe the account of Robinson and other historians, the slightest appearance of suspicion or faltering in their allegiance was visited on the individual with a certain and terrible fatality. For much curious information on this point, the reader may consult Professor Robinson's 'Proofs of a Conspiracy against all Religions and all Governments,' and 'Memoires' pour servir a l'Histoire du Jacobinism, par l'Abbe Barnel.

The ball-room of the ducal palace was adorned for the occasion with the most costly decorations; and early in the evening the vast range of the extensive gardens was illuminated with a splendour that rivalled the fabled magnificence of the East. In the whole brilliant crowd that thronged the superb saloons, there was not a finer figure than Frederick Stapps. In every glittering circle the Baron Von Feurstein excited undissembled admiration: and the son of the village curate certainly did the honours of his rank with a grace of which he never supposed he had been master. With an aching and inconscious heart, however, he, in the indulgence of his one solitary hope, only watched the long list of titled dames as they were introduced. At length with an ecstacy of gratified delight he heard the Princess Louisa of Rodoldstadt announced, and with senses conscious of no other presence, he saw advance supported by her mother, that very girl who was the long shrined deity of his soul, and far exceeding in the bright reality of her charms all the invested loveliness of his enthusiastic fancy. With a thrilling frame he came to meet her; and, oh, ——! could it be but the tale of his fluttering heart, or was it the reflection of his own burning cheek that he saw suffuse that angel countenance for a moment with a crimson consciousness. Yet so it was. The high-born heiress of that princely house recognised in the elegant baron the impassioned stranger of the rampart, and the emotion she was unable to conceal told the overjoyed Stapps that he was not the only one delighted by the interview. In her presence he forgot every other feeling but the sensation of his bliss; and and when she had blushed consent to his offer of protection, and he held her soft and delicate hand through the ranks of beauty she totally but unconsciously eclipsed; he felt that full delicious gush of happiness in his heart, which obliterates in a moment the long and sickening vacuum of unsatisfied desire. It is only in the presence of rival charms which extinguishes ordinary pretensions that perfect beauty can assert its claim. Stapps looked around that night with mingled satisfaction and pride, as he felt the graceful creature he supported surpassed every decorated lady as the star of evening is distinguished amid all the brilliancies of heaven for its lovelier radiance, saw her appear among numberless fair around a purer and a brighter being. After dancing, he led her into the spacious garden; and it was there in a retired arbor where the sweetest perfume oppressed every sense, and strains of enchanting music died upon the illuminated air, that the impassioned youth first told the confiding girl how long—how ardently he had loved; and it was there, while conscious of no other sound but her own gentle voice, that he heard her say his passion was reciprocated. Through the many hours of that protracted fete was the measure of Stapps happiness complete, and he would have felt no bar to the measure of the evening's enjoyment; but as he was leading his lovely charge through the apartment, he suddenly encountered the eye of the lady's father, engaged among a host of princes round the Emperor's presence. There was a look of fierce displeasure in the glance that terrified his daughter, and intimidated her lover. In his dream of delight he had never once thought of his fictitious rank; but now that scrutinizing gaze which terribly reminded him of the Burschen chief awoke him to the consequences of his temerity, and at once filled his soul with remorse for the deception he had practised upon the illustrious princess. He had little time, however, for reflection, when the duke approached and with a haughty rudeness took his daughter's hand, and said to Frederick in a tone of bitter sarcasm, 'the Princess of Rodoldstadt will dispense with the attendance of the Baron Von Fuerstein.' He only heard the lady whisper, 'to-morrow evening,' before she was gone from his sight. And Stapps, to relieve himself from the alarming scrutiny which was directed towards him, immediately withdrew. *Knickerbocker for March.*

PUBLIC CONVEYANCES IN ENGLAND.

It is indeed gratifying to contemplate the change that has taken place in the whole system of *the road*—and it is a most *humane one*. The old-fashioned coachman to a heavy coach—and they were all heavy down to very recent times—bore some analogy with the prize fighter, for he stood highest who could hit hardest. He was generally a man of large frame made larger by indulgence, and of great bodily power—which was useful to him. To the button hole of his coat were appended several whip-cord points which he was sure to have occasion for on the road, for his horses were whipped till whipping was as necessary to them as their harness. In fair play to him however, he was not solely answerable for this: the fine spirit of his cattle was broken by the task they were called to perform—for in those days twenty-mile stages were in fashion;—and what was the consequence? Why, the four-horse whip, and the Nottingham whip-cord were of no avail over the latter part of the ground, and something like a cat-o'-nine tail was produced out of the boot, which was jocularly called 'the apprentice;'—and a shrewd apprentice it was to the art of torturing, which was inflicted on the wheelers without stint or measure; but without which, the coach might have been left on the road.—One circumstance alone saved these horses from destruction; this was the frequency of ale-houses on the road, not one of which could then be passed without a call. Our old-fashioned coachman, however, was a scientific man in his calling—more so, perhaps, than by far the greater part of his brethren of the present day, inasmuch as his energies and skill were more frequently put to the test. He had heavy loads, bad roads, and weary horses to deal with, neither was any part of his harness to be depended on, upon a pinch. Then the box he sat upon was worse than Pandora's with all the evils it contained, for even *hope* appeared to have deserted it. It rested on the bed of the axle tree, and shook the frame to atoms, but when prayers were put up to have it altered, the proprietors said 'No; the rascal will always be asleep if we place his box on the springs.' If, among all these difficulties then, he, by degrees, became a drunkard, who can wonder at his becoming so? But he was *a coachman*. He could fetch the last ounce out of a wheel horse by the use of his double thong, or his *apprentice*, and the point of his lash told terribly upon his leaders. He likewise applied it scientifically; it was directed under the bar to the flank, and after the third hit he brought it up to his hand by *the draw*, so that it never got entangled in the pole-chains, or in any part of the harness. He could untie a knot with his teeth and tie another with his tongue, as well as he could with his hands; and if his thong broke off in the middle, he could splice it with dexterity and neatness as his coach was proceeding on its journey. In short, he could do what coachmen of the present day cannot do, because they have not been called upon to do it and he likewise could do what they never try to do:—namely, he could drive when he was drunk nearly as well as when he was sober. He was very frequently a faithful servant to his employers; considered trustworthy by bankers and others in the country through which he passed; and as humane to his horses, perhaps, as the adverse circumstances he was placed in by his masters would admit.

It has been suggested to road surveyors, that, if they would leave a narrow slip of loose gravel on the near side of severe hills, or those of only moderate declivity, where the fall is a long one, and the road hard, it would save innumerable accidents in the course of the year, as the moment a coachman found his coach was getting the better of his horses,—or should any part of his tackle give way—he could run her into the gravel, and her velocity would be almost instantly checked. If placed on the near, or left-hand side of the road, it would not inconvenience carriages *ascending* the hills, and the attention of a labourer, about every third day, to keep the gravel in its place, would obviate every difficulty. Likewise, it is desirable that roads should be raised a little to meet a coach, as it were, in the turns, especially such as are at the bottom of a hill. For example, if the turn is to the right, the left side of the road should be the highest, so as to give support to a coach, in preserving her centre of gravity. Be it remembered that, if the body of a coach could be made to lock *with the carriage*, she would go round a corner at full speed, without danger; but as that cannot be done, too much precaution cannot be used when turning her from her line. Only a few years back, the Kingston and Worcester mail was upset in going round a turn, where the road was in an opposite form to the one we have just pointed out, when, according to evidence produced, she was going at the rate of only six miles an hour. The effects of this accident were dreadful. In one respect, however, roads are more safe than they were, being no longer rounded to the middle, which caused the overthrow of many coaches in the act of crossing them, and the ruin of many coach horses, by straining them in the fetlock joint.

The hills on our great roads are now so cut through, that coaches are able to get almost all of them in the trot. Indeed, coachmen have found out that their horses are [illegible] whereas [illegible] together when walking. Four coach horses, well put together, will draw a very heavy load up a hill of considerable acclivity, if the surface be good, and they are kept to a trot. As a mechanical agent, the worst method in which the strength of a horse can be applied, is, carrying a weight up hill, and the best, that of drawing it. We should, however, give him every advantage; and, with a loaded coach, 'keeping her alive,' as coachmen translate the *vis viva* of the mechanic, is of vast importance in the draught of her.

We have now only one more hint to offer as to stage-coaches. Proprietors should never suffer two coachmen to drive the same horses; either each man should drive his own ground double, or he should go the journey throughout and return the next day. It cannot be expected that horses can do well in the hands of two coachmen, even allowing them equal merits, and for these plain reasons. They not only feel the effect of change of hands, which ruffles them, but they know not what to be at in their work; one man makes his play, as it is called, over one part of the ground, the other over another part. The system destroys the pride a coachman takes in seeing his stock look well; and if anything goes wrong, a wrangle is sure to be the consequence. As it is ascertained that no horse can run *at the top of his speed* more than six or seven miles without injury, it is much better that a coachman should work his ground double, if the hour suits, than that another man should touch them. Some persons object to two sweats a day, but it is nonsense; how does the race-horse run his heats? and how many sweats does a hack or a hunter get? In very fast work, it is better for cattle to run five miles *in and out*, on the same day, than nine miles straight on end.

A wonderful change has taken place in the English coach-horse, as well as the sort of horses put into other kinds of harness, but this has been progressive. Fifty years ago the idea of putting a thorough-bred horse into harness would have been considered preposterous. In the carriages of our noblemen and gentlemen the long-tailed black or Cleveland bay—each one remove from the cart-horse—was the prevailing sort, and six miles an hour the extent of his pace; and he cost from 30*l.* to 50*l.* A few years back a nobleman gave seven hundred guineas for a horse to draw his cabriolet: two hundred guineas is now an every-day price for a horse of this description, and a hundred and fifty for a gentleman's coach-horse. Indeed, a pair of handsome coach horses, fit for London and well broken and bitted, cannot be purchased *under* two hundred guineas, and even job-masters often give much more for them to let out to their customers. In harness also we think we have arrived at perfection, to which the invention of the patent shining leather has mainly contributed. A handsome horse, well harnessed, is a noble sight; and is it not extraordinary that in no country but England is the art of putting a horse into harness at all understood? Independently of the workmanship of the harness-maker, if our road horses were put to their coaches in the loose, awkward fashion of the continent, we could never travel at the rate we do. It is the command given over the coach-horse that *alone* enables us to do it.

PRIVATE CARRIAGES.

As this is not a subject we are likely to recur to, we may as well say a word or two as to private vehicles, ere we close. As a fac-simile of the gentleman's family coach of fifty years back is now become difficult to produce, we will describe it. It had a most comfortable and roomy body, quite fit to contain six portly persons, and suspended by long leather braces, affixed to nearly upright springs. To enable the body to hang low, the perch of a bent form, called the compass perch, was used, and the *carriage* was of great length and strength. In fact it was, coachman and all, in strict accordance with the animals that drew it, and came under the denomination of 'slow and easy.' The fashionable open carriage of this day was a still more unsightly object—the high, single-bodied phaeton, all upon the fore-wheels, and looking as if the hinder ones had nothing to do but to follow. This was the favourite carriage of the late king when Prince of Wales, and was commonly driven, by such as could afford it, with four horses in hand. Indeed, it may almost be said to have given birth to our gentleman-coachmanship, as well as to the well-known epigram:

'What can Tommy Onslow do?
He can drive a phaeton and two.
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
Yes—*he can drive a phaeton and four*!'

The phaeton was succeeded by the no less classically yclept curricle—a carriage, when properly appointed, and followed by two well-dressed and well-mounted grooms, of singular elegance certainly. It had a long run in the fashionable world, but being, like the phaeton, only calculated to carry two persons, and requiring never less than three horses, taxation and economy put an end to it. Then came the reign of the gig. The curate's wife, a gouty attorney, or a rich old farmer, fifty years ago, might be seen boxed up in a *whiskey*—which being hung on hind and fore braces, with a head to protect its inmates from weather, made a convenient family conveyance, and—with a steady *dobbin* to draw it—a safe one. Economy induced a leader of *ton* to cast favouring eyes on this snug *whiskey*—and thence the airy *gig*, which, with a hundred-guinea horse in it, has been the best friend to doctors and undertakers they have ever yet found. The race has multiplied, and many names and varieties have been adopted in succession. The quiet movement of their wheels, the nice equilibrium in which they are placed on the axle, the evenness of their motion by reason of their being detached from their shafts, and the ease with which they follow the horse, make *gigs* delightful carriages to ride in, and we could wish they were not so dangerous. The Stanhope, so named after the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, who planned it, succeeded the Tilbury, so called from the well-known coachmaker; and the cost without harness, of either may be about 70*l.* Now 'every dog has his day,' and so have our prevailing fashions. The Buggy, Stanhope, Dennet, and Tilbury, have all, during some seasons past, been supplanted by the cabriolet for town work, for which we must allow it is far more suitable—though much too heavy for the road. In London, this has been seen at the opera, at the theatres, at the club houses, and at dinner parties, with a neat little urchin on the footboard, performing all the offices of the chariot with not a third of its expenses. The English cabriolet, however, is rather on the decline in the fashionable world, and the light and airy Tilbury is making its appearance again.

For country work nearly all these open vehicles have given place to the double-bodied phaeton and britscka, both of which are much used in travelling post. The former is likewise in vogue with citizens and others who have families, and is now made so light, as to be drawn by one horse with four persons in it with ease, for a limited number of miles. Descending still lower in the scale, and only one remove from the donkey-cart, is what is called the pony-chaise, out of which more people have been killed than we should like to enumerate here. These vehicles, by far the most dangerous carriages of the whole family they belong to, are so light that an animal even of little power can do what he pleases with them; they are also obliged to be made so short in the carriage, that the least thing upsets them, while the persons in them are not out of reach of heels. Should the animal be alarmed and endeavour to run away, the lowness and lightness of the vehicle nearly destroy all power of resistance; indeed, if he have much power, a carriage of this description may be compared to a canister tied to a dog's tail *

A few years ago an article on this subject would have been more acceptable than it is likely to be at present. The taste for the *whip* has undoubtedly declined; and at one time it occupied more attention among the higher classes of society than we ever wish to see it do again. Yet, taken in moderation, we can perceive no reason to condemn this branch of sport more than others. If so great a personage as Sophocles could think it fitting to display his science in public, in the trifling game of ball, why may not an English gentleman exercise his skill on a coach box? If the Athenians, the most polished nation of all antiquity, deemed it *an honour* to be considered skilful charioteers, why should Englishmen consider it a disgrace? To be serious—our amateur or *gentleman-coachmen* have done much good: the road would never have been what it now is, but for the encouragement they gave, by their notice and support, to all persons connected with it. Would the Holyhead road have been what it is, had there been no such persons as the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, Sir Henry Parnell, and Mr. Maddox? Would the Oxford coachmen have set so good an example as they have done to their brethren of 'the bench,' had there been no such men on their road as Sir Henry Peyton, Lord Clonmell, the late Sir Thomas Mostyn, that Nestor of Coachmen, Mr. Annesley, and Mr. Harrison?—Would not the unhappy coachmen of five-and-twenty years back have gone on, wearing out their breeches with the bumping of the coach-box, and their stomachs with brandy, had not Mr. Warde, of Squerries, after many a weary endeavour, persuaded the proprietors to place their boxes upon springs?—What would the Devonshire road have been, but for the late Sir John Bamfylde, Sir John Rogers, Colonel Prouse, Sir Lawrence Palk, and others? Have the advice and the practice of such experienced men as Mr. Charles Buxton, Mr. Henry Villebois, Mr Okeover, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. John Walker, Lord Sefton, Sir Felix Ager, Mr. Ackers, Mr. Maxse, Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, Colonel Spicer, Colonel Sibthory, *cum multis aliis*, been thrown away upon persons who have looked up to them as protectors? Certainly not: neither would the improvement in carriages—stage-coaches more especially—have arrived at its present height, but for the attention and suggestions of such persons as we have been speaking of. Gentleman-coaching, however, has, as we said, received such a check; and in more ways than one. 'Tampering with the currency,' and few [illegible] have taken all the leathery and the bars and four-horse whips are hung up for the present—very few four-in-hands being visible.† The 'B. D. C.,' or Benson Driving Club, which now holds its rendezvous at the 'Black Dog,' Bedfont, is the only survivor of those numerous driving associations whose procession used, some twenty years ago, to be among the most imposing, as well as peculiar spectacles in and about the metropolis.

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* Accidents by these carriages frequently arise from apparently an unknown cause; it is by no means generally known, that horses frequently begin kicking or plunging in consequence of some part of their harness pinching them, of which the drivers are quite unconscious of at the time. Thus a coach-horse is frequently set kicking by merely a twist in his trace. Many accidents, however, arise from using horses not properly broken to harness, as well as from the inexperience of drivers. We have all heard of the young Oxonian, who prevailed on his uncle to accompany him to Oxford; in passing through Kensington, the old gentleman observed, he had paid his nephew a great compliment, for that was only the *fifth* time he had ever been in a gig in his life. The nephew replied, that his horse beat him hollow, *for he had never been in one at all before that day.*

The fashion, however, was not one of venerable standing among us—gentlemen-coachmen not having been known in England for more than half a century.

Count Pecchio, whose little volume on England we lately reviewed, has a brilliant chapter on the astonishing conveniences of our public conveyances, and the finished elegance of our private ones. We hardly, indeed, know which of the two things is more likely to strike the imagination of a foreigner, no matter from what of the world he may come. Any one who has been accustomed to admire the muster of vehicles at the Tuileries, in the best days of Louis XVIII., to say nothing of the citizen king period, must indeed open his eyes wide the first time he is in St. James's Street on the day of a levee or drawing-room. Hyde Park, however, on any fine afternoon, in the height of the London season, will be more than enough to confound him. He will there see what no other country under the heavens can show him, and, what is more, we may venture to add, what no other country ever will show him. Let him only set on the rail near our great captain's statue, with his watch in his hand and in the space of two hours he will see a thousand well-appointed equipages pass before him to the Mall, in all the pomp of aristocratic pride, and in which the very horses themselves seem to partake. Everything he sees is peculiar:—the silent roll and easy motion of the London-built carriage—the *style* of the coachman—it is hard to determine which shine the brightest, the lace on their clothes, their own round faces, or their flaxen wigs—the pipe-clayed reins—pipe-clayed lest they should soil the clean white gloves—the gigantic young fellows, in huge cocked hats, bedaubed with lace, in laced silk stockings, new kid gloves, and with gold-headed canes, who tower above 'Mr. Coachman's' head—the spotted coach-dog, which has just been washed for the occasion. The *vis-a-vis*, containing nobody but a single fair dame, with all its *set-out*, has cost at least a thousand pounds;—and the stream of equipages of all calibres, barouches, chariots, cabriolets, &c., &c., &c., almost all got up, as Mr. Robins's advertisements say, 'regardless of expense,'‡ flows on unbroken, until it is half-past seven, and people at last begin to think of what they still call *dinner*. Old Seneca tells us that such a blaze of splendour was once to be seen on the Appian Way. It might be so: it is now to be seen nowhere but in London—and we must own we consider it as extremely doubtful whether anything like it will be visible in London the second spring of the first reformed parliament.

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† Only six years back, there were from thirty to forty four-in-hand equipages to be seen constantly about town;—*one* is stared at *now*.

‡ Already, however, like all other trades, coach-making is on the wane. Two years back, the town-coach could not be had under four hundred guineas. Three hundred is the price now. The travelling-chariot, with every thing complete, could not be purchased under three hundred and eighty guineas; three hundred will now suffice. The town cabriolet, with patent boxes to the whole, commenced at a hundred and fifty guineas; a hundred and twenty is now the figure, and so with all the rest of the tribe.

A present.—As it is a rare one we copy the notice as follows:—"The Editors acknowledge the receipt of a present of a pair of beautiful Razors, well entitled to the name of UNION RAZORS, manufactured by *Wilson, Hawksworth, and Moss*, of Sheffield, in England. On the blades is legibly engraved the sentiment which graces the head of our editorial column: "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." The compliment is, of course, not intended for us, but for the distinguished Statesman and Orator whose language we have borrowed."—*National Intelligencer, Mar. 6th.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 5th, Mr Richard M'Cay, to Miss Mary Jane Kerr.

On the 5th, Mr [illegible] G [illegible], to Miss Helen M [illegible].

On the 5th, Mr [illegible], to Miss Mary A Hyde.

On the 5th, Mr H J Hopper, (of the firm of Vredenburg and Hopper) to Miss [illegible].

On the 6th, Mr Andr'w T[illegible], to Miss Susan Trimble.

On the 6th, Mr J Bradford, to Miss Catherine J Tallman.

On the 7th, Mr Nath'l [illegible], to Miss Mary Lacey.

On the 8th, Mr Joseph C Woodford, merchant, to Miss
On the 9th, Mr Clarkson Dye, to Miss M McLean.
Susan Terry.

At Brooklyn, on the 6th, Mr Howard Pearsall, to Miss Caroline Tyson—both of that place.

At Washington City, on the 4th, the Hon John King, of New York, to Mrs Sarah S Bronson, of the former place.

At Frederickton, NB, on the 12th ult., Captain David W Crook, of St John, NB, to Miss Rachel L. Inslee, of New York.

DIED,

In this city, on the 6th, Mrs Mary Walker, aged 59.
On the 7th, Mrs Anna Warren, aged 79.
On the 8th, Mrs Sarah Van Nostrand, aged 85.
On the 5th, Mrs Frances P Lumpton.
On the 5th, Mrs Sally Fields, aged 59.
On the 4th, Mr John Smith, aged 28.
On the 6th, Mrs Mary Walker, aged 59.
On the 10th Mrs Martha A Nelson, aged 23.
On the 10th Mrs Ellen Charters, aged 26.
On the 9th, Mr Thomas Drumgold, aged 31.
On the [illegible], Mrs Catherine [illegible], aged 31.
On the [illegible], Mrs Gertrude L Lewis, aged 76.
On the [illegible], Mr Simeon Van Winkle, aged 37.
On the [illegible], Mr Wm Reed, aged 20.
On the [illegible], Mr Nicholas Wm Stuyvesant, aged 63.
On the 10th, Mrs Ann H[illegible], aged 71.

At Woodville, Miss., on the 19th ult., Mr Edward Feltus, aged 29, son of the late Rev Dr Feltus, of this city.

In Ballston, on the 29th ult., Horatio Buell, Esq., of Glenn's Falls, lately a Judge of the Common Pleas of Warren County.

AGENCY FOR
LACKAWANA COAL.

THE *Delaware & Hudson Canal Company* having resolved to introduce into this city, the ensuing season, the best quality of Lackawanna Coal, in quantity sufficient to supply all the inhabitants at a moderate rate, it will become the interest of consumers to save their orders. Terms will be made known at an early day. The subscribers have been appointed Agents for the Company, and will conduct the Agency under the firm of *Jones and Wurts.*

WM. G. JONES,
N. York, Mar. 16, 1833. ar6m WM. WURTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

MRS. M. CARROLL has the pleasure of informing her friends and the public, that the newly invented *Dentifrice* is composed of the most innocent and fragrant materials, which not only preserve and beautify the teeth, but render the breath of those who use it sweet and agreeable.

She has the privilege and satisfaction of being able to give reference to many of the largest and most respectable schools, as well as to many of the first rank in society, who have used this valuable composition for several years, during which period they never have been troubled with tooth-ache, sore gums, or bad breath.

The names of respectable families, and proprietors of large schools, in testimony of the above facts, are to be seen at the house of the inventor, No 25 John street, New York.

Directions for Use.—Take a small quantity on the brush, and rub well the inside and outside of the teeth.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Letter from Dr. Mitchill to Mrs. Carroll.

"*Madam*—From the experiments made by myself and several members of my family with your Dentifrice, we think very favourably of it. The preparation, being in the form of a paste or electuary, will be preferred on that account by many, though powders are the more common compositions. I am satisfied, from the exposition you made me of its composition, that it contains nothing injurious to the teeth. On the contrary, it is an application capable of cleansing and whitening them, and of sweetening the mouth. I have no doubt that the persons who have or shall use it, will recommend it to their friends and acquaintance.

I wish you success in the introduction of an article so nearly connected with beauty and health.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, M.D."

Also, letters of recommendation from the following gentlemen:—W. M. Ireland, M.D.; Valentine Mott, M.D.; Thomas Boyd, M.D.; Samuel Akerly, M.D.; G. K. Lawrence, M.D. mar16 c

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HURLEY'S—(106 *Broadway.*)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 4, for 1833:—30 6 44 57 1 43 2 12 31 61.

P.S. Tickets sold at my office at a larger discount than at any other office in this city.

I have again sold in the above, Prizes of $1000, $500, $400, $300, $200, and several of $100, &c.—and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes: 1 of $20,000, 2 of $10,000, 5 of $5000, 2 of $3260, 5 of $2500, 2 of $2270, 6 of $2000, 5 of 1500, 4 of 1250, and upwards of 120 of $1000 each, &c.

Wednesday, March 20, will be drawn New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 7 for 1833. 66 numbers—10 drawn ballots. Capital Prizes—$20,000, 5,000, 2,000, 1,500, 1,372, 5 of 1,000, 10 of 500, 10 of 300, 10 of 200, 24 of 150, 56 of 100, &c. Lowest Prize, $6. Tickets only $5, shares in proportion.

☞ In the above Scheme, I will sell a package of 22 tickets for $99, which is $11 less than they would amount to by the single ticket, which is warranted to draw $81, over and above the 15 per cent discount. Shares of packages in the same proportion.

Wednesday, March 27, will be drawn Extra Class No. 8—66 numbers—9 drawn ballots. Capitals—$10,000, $3,329, 4 of $1,000, 4 of 400, 5 of 250, 5 of 200, 30 of 120, 34 of 100, &c. Tickets only $3—a package of 20 tickets for $53, warranted to draw $23—shares in proportion.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Uncurrent money discounted at the lowest rates. Doubloons, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold.

February 7, 1833. ei3m

GOLD & SILVER LEAF for Sale, at the Manufactory, No. 67 Watts street. Also—Gold, Silver, and Copper BRONZES, warranted superfine quality, at the lowest prices.

N.B.—Dentists' Gold, Silver, Platina, and Tin FOIL warranted of superior quality, at the lowest cash prices

j24ac1 GEORGE S. WAITE.

TO PAINTERS & GILDERS.—Gold and Silver LEAF, warranted of superior quality, for Sale at the Manufactory, No. 67 Watts street.

N.B.—Gold, Silver, and Copper BRONZES, of different colours and qualities, and at the lowest prices, at the Manufactory as above. GEORGE S. WAITE.

SPICE BITTERS.—These Bitters have been long celebrated for their peculiar virtue, in fortifying and strengthening the stomach; they procure an appetite and help digestion, sweeten and purify the blood, remove obstructions, and are found very useful in removing the jaundice; they produce a sweetness of the breath, removing all muriatic and unsavoury belching, and are a great preventive against fever and agues. They are useful in all seasons of the year, but more particularly so in the Spring, by bracing the fibres, and preventing that disagreeable listlessness and weakness arising so frequently from relaxation on the approach of warm weather.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
j26c 38 Cedar, corner of William street.

ICELAND MOSS PASTE, French Jujube Paste, and French Gum Balls, for sale, fresh, by

GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,
Apothecary & Druggist, cor. of Pearl & Rose sts.

THE New York *Menagerie of Wild Beasts, &c.* will positively CLOSE on the 20th inst.
New York, March [illegible], 1833.

THE attention of the public is invited to a very superior article of AROMATIC SEIDLITZ POWDERS, which upon trial will prove beyond all comparison unequalled by any now in use. The agreeable aromatic quality added to this composition, will in all seasons not only give a pleasant sensation to the most delicate stomach, but entirely prevent that feeling of chilliness so often complained of, when taking preparations of this nature in cold weather. In testimony of the superior qualities and effects of the Aromatic Seidlitz Powders, I beg leave to advert to names of some of the most respectable Physicians, as seen on the wrapper of each box.

Sold wholesale and retail, at the subscriber's; and at the Drug Stores of J. B. Dodd, M. Slocum, and P. Dickey, Broadway.

J. P. CARROLL,
No. 25 John street.

, Plain Seidlitz Powders prepared as above.

☞ Merchants, Captains, and Retailers, supplied on the shortest notice, and a liberal allowance made.

EDINBURGH TOOTH-ACHE PASTE.—This celebrated article is constantly receiving fresh proof of its excellence, by numerous respectable certificates. If faithfully applied according to the directions, and a cure not effected, (as sometimes from various causes it may so happen) the money will be refunded on returning the box.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, 38 Cedar, cor. Wm. st.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND
DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,
WHO DESIRE A
NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,
IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF
FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.
From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of
170 KINDS.
Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.
LOOK FOR
BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,
71 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

PEACH ORCHARD, AND LEHIGH COALS.

THE Subscribers have now in yard a full supply of the above Coals, all of which have been selected the last season with great care, and are recommended to the public as first rate being inferior to none in this city, and will always be sold at the lowest market price by applying at the Coal Office No 157 Broadway, or at the yard corner of Morris and Washington Streets.

HENRY STOKES, & Co.

N.B. Also for sale as above, first quality *Liverpool* and *Peach Orchard Nut Coal.* Feb16—c

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TO LET,

THE Upper Part of a genteel and convenient House, in Roosevelt street, (between Madison and Chatham streets.) The Premises are five Rooms, a Kitchen, &c. Rent, $225.—Apply to T. BUSSING,
Feb. 16. 70½ William street.

DR. BARCLAY'S *Concentrated Compound of Cubebs and Sarsaparilla*, an inoffensive, positive, and speedy Remedy for the Cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Seminal Weakness, Strictures, Whites, Pains in the Loins and Kidneys, Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinary Passages.

This most efficacious Preparation is conveniently used, and totally devoid of irritating qualities, frequently performing cures in a few days; it is healthful to the stomach, and by no means unpleasant to the palate; possessing all the active medical properties necessary for the Cure of the above Diseases, without any liability of injury to the system by exposure to the weather. It has obtained the sanction of many of the respectable members of the Faculty, and the approbation of all those who have occasion for its use.

"A Treatise on the Medicinal Properties of Sarsaparilla, compiled from the best Authorities," strongly inculcates the high repute and great success which has long attended its use, in various internal Chronic Diseases.

Another choice ingredient, obtaining great celebrity in Europe, has also been introduced, forming a safe, speedy, and permanent Cure for the above Diseases.

Prepared by S. G. Barclay, M.D., Strand, London; and for sale by the Proprietor's Agent,

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
No. 38 Cedar street, (corner of William st.)

☞ Observe the signature of "S. G. Barclay" on the stamp of each bottle—as none others are genuine. c

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CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORT FOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by

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DIAMOND CEMENT—An invaluable discovery for joining broken glass, china, earthen ware, cabinet work, and fancy articles of every description. This Cement is acknowledged to be superior to any thing of the kind ever offered to the public. Its extreme strength is remarkable; it resists wet, will stand any degree of heat, and its hardness when set is truly astonishing. The great facility of using it (no mixture or preparation being required) is a strong recommendation in its favour. In fact it only requires to be known, to be found in use in every family.

For mending glass, china, &c, it succeeds wonderfully, as the joints show but little. Many articles of this kind, that but for this discovery would be entirely useless, may be securely and permanently united, and become as useful as when new. The leaves of books, pasteboard, fancy articles, in tortoise shell or cabinet work, may be neatly mended with it. To prevent imitations, and bringing into disrepute the genuine article, the public are requested to observe the signature of the proprietor, W B Painter, written on the wrapper of each bottle.

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MARBLE DUST, warranted, for sale at manufacturer's price, by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,
Apothecary & Druggist, cor. of Pearl & Rose sts.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS,
AT RIDGEFIELD, (CONN.)—BY SAML. S. ST. JOHN, A.B.

TERMS.—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, $20 per quarter; over 12, $25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationary.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25 and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Counting House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References—The Faculty of Columbia College,
Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D.
Rev. William A. Clark, D.D.
Dr. William Hibbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S.C. & S. Lynes, 256 Pearl street. e3m ins. Jan. 5, 1833.

WORM SUGAR PLUMS.—An efficacious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be discharged in great numbers, and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in conveying off the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generates them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive. Sold wholesale or retail by

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ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE,
Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guarantied.* JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.